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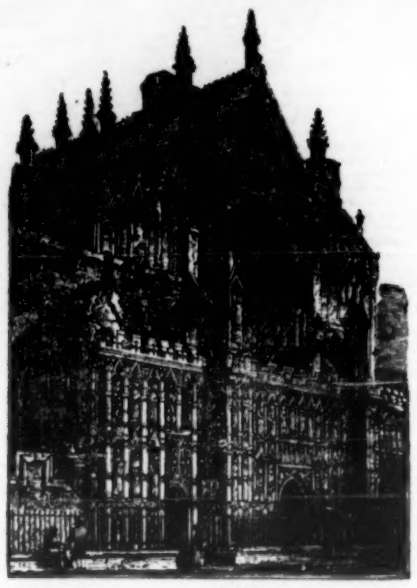
EXTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.



DESCRIPTION.

The city of Exeter and capitol of Devonshire county, is situated on the east side of the river Ex, whence it derives its name, according to an old verse of Alexander Neckham, once prior of St. Nicholas.

"The Ex, a river of great fame,
To Exeter has given a name."

It was called by the ancient Britons Pen-Caer, and Caer-Isk, a city on the river Isc; the Isca of Ptolomy; the Isa-Danmonionum in the itinerary of Antonine; by the Saxons Exan-ceter, which is now abreviated to Exeter.

When this city first fell under Roman jurisdiction is not clearly ascertained. Camden thinks it was not built so early as to have been conquered by Vespasian, which Geoffry of Monmouth asserts. Yet in the time of the Antonines it was probably of considerable note, for Antoninus continues his Itinerary to this city, and no further. Upon the Saxons invading Britain, such as refused to submit fled either beyond the Sevan, or to the ancient dominion, Devonshire and Cornwall, where they formed a kingdom which was not subdued till about 410 years after. During the reign of Alfred, the Britons in this county were so overcome as to join in assisting that hero, when he drove the Danes from Exeter; but in the year 875 they returned with great violence, plundered and set fire to the city. This, however, was a trifling calamity to what it suffered in 1003, when being betrayed by the governor, a Norman, it was laid level from the east to the west gates, and every inhabitant massacred in the most cruel manner, by Sueno, the Dane, and his horrid barbarians. It had scarce time to be repeopled and rebuilt, when William the Conqueror, took possession of it, after a close seige and obstinate resistance. At that time, according to the survey, the King had in the city 300 houses; it paid 15 pounds a year.

After this, Exeter withstood three violent seiges; first, by Baigh Courtney, Earl of Devon, in the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. Again, Perkin Warbeck, declaring himself to be Richard Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., violently attacked this city; but the people believing him to be an imposter, defended themselves with great bravery, till Edward Courtney, raised an army and relieved them. For this valiant opposition, Henry VII., with an unusual effort of his nature, paid the citizens a visit, bestowed on them great commendations, and left them his sword he then wore, to be carried before the Mayor on public occasions.

A third seige happened in 1549, when the seditious Cornish rose in opposition to the new religion, in the reign of Edward VI.; but the inhabitants, though almost reduced to famine, continued loyal, till Lord Russel arrived with an army, and obtained such a victory over the rebels, that the 6th of August was afterwards annually observed as a day of thanksgiving.

On the highest part of the hill on which Exeter is built, stands the remains of Rougemont castle, so called from the redness of the soil.—Grafton, in his Chronicle, says it was the work of Julius Cæsar, afterwards the seat of several Saxon Kings, and since of the Dukes of Cornwall. Within the castle walls a chapel was built by the Countess of Devon, who endowed it with lands. This castle held out some time against the Conqueror, but a part of the walls falling down, it was surrendered at discretion. William contented himself with only altering the gates, as a mark of its being subdued.

In the reign of Henry IV. John Holland, Duke of Exeter, had a fine mansion within the castle, of which no traces are remaining. Anno 1413, the city being visited by King Richard III. he was, during his stay, nobly entertained by the corporation. On seeing the castle, he commended it highly, both for strength and beauty of its situation, but bearing it was named Rougemont, which from the similarity of sound he mistook for Richmond, he suddenly grew sad, saying that the end of his days appeared; a prophecy having declared he should not survive the sight of Richmond.

The streets and buildings of Exeter in general, wear the venerable aspect of antiquity. The principal street and thoroughfare is very long and spacious, and to the west very much improved by an elegant bridge, of three large arches, over the river, and numerous small ones continued up the street to bring it to a level. In the east part stands the Cathedral,—of which our engraving is a representation,—originally a monastery, founded by King Athelstan for Benedictine monks, and made an Episcopal See by Edward the Confessor. The building was carried on by Leofric, and various have been the after additions for almost 400 years, and yet the uniformity is so congruous as to appear like the workmanship of one architect. But we cannot speak of the external appearance in any other light than as heavy and unpleasant, particularly when viewed within the precincts; a very different idea is given within, in every respect magnificent and pleasing.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ADDRESS,

From a young man lately married, to his friend

G. C. B——.

Friend of my life, here may the muse
Address thee in a proper strain,
Since thou and I who once were one,
Now find by marriage we are twain.

Tho' gentle friendship clung to thee,
Love had the power to break the spell,
And now I cling with exstacy,
To one I love, and loves me well

O! if thou couldst but know the bliss,
That marriage doth to me reveal,
Thou for sweet woman's marriage kiss,
Wouldst from cold celibacy steal.

For what is like communion sweet,
With her we deeply, dearly love;
And who with smiles at home can greet,
And who in constancy can prove.

Like woman, like the gentle wife,
Who wipes the manly tear of grief
Who shares the troubles, toils of life,
And sharing seeks to give relief.

O, who, when sickness to the bed
Confines us in our deep despair,
Who gently bends the aching head,
And like an angel lingers there?

She never tires—her eye n'er sleeps,
Thro' day and night she bathes the brow;
For with religious faith she keeps
Thro' life, to us her sacred vow.

Then wed, my friend, no longer live
Amid the coldly single band
Your hand to blushing beauty give,
And with her at the altar stand.

For from that moment life will wear
A holier aspect, brighter bloom;
For she will half your sorrows bear,
And smooth your travel to the tomb.

J. T——, jr.

Jefferson, Md. April 3d. 1832.

THE FLEETING HOURS.

The fleeting hours—the fleeting hours,
How soon they pass away:
Today sprung up the fairest flowers,
The next—Oh where are they?
They died upon the fragile stem
The wintry chill had wither'd them.

The warrior who to fear is dumb,
At morn was living here:
At eve the muffling of the drum
Proclaimed him on his bier.
Thus bright things vanish and are gone,
As the winged hours fly on.

But yesterday I saw a maid,
With cheek that vied the rose:
Today in funeral gauze arrayed,
To take her last repose:
For that voice which vied the Lute
The fleeting hour had rendered mute.

The dome, the tower, and turret gay,
Proud monuments of human art,
Look proud awhile, then pass away,
And leave a moral for the heart.
For every breeze that passes by,
Whispers—Man was born to die.

AVON BARD.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON THE AIR.

So far as man has been able to examine the great and interesting objects of nature with which he is surrounded, it has universally been found that all unite in perfect harmony in forming one grand and beautiful system—one delightful and congruous whole. While so many parts are united in this grand "Machinery of Nature," calculated on the most superficial view of the structure, to strike the mind with ideas of magnificence and beauty, it affords great pleasure to examine each part as adapted to its numerous uses, and not an inconsiderable degree to observe their natures and effects in conjunction with each other. Accordingly if we attempt to consider the nature of the air surrounding our earth, we are not insensible to its beauties. The mind is immediately filled with vast conceptions of its utility, and astonished at the admirable concord with which it is adapted to its multiplied uses. It contains the principle by which almost universal animation is maintained, and its constituents are so proportioned as to be perfectly adapted to those organs by which it is rendered the immediate agent in spreading the warmth of vitality, throughout the systems of all the innumerable classes of beings, which are dependent on it. Not only is this life-sustaining principle imbibed in the act of respiration, but the remaining part also serves a very important end by conducting certain substances from the lungs which could not remain without fatal effects.—We observe also, that even this part of the air, is not suffered to escape without its use; for the organs of respiration in man were not only made for this purpose, (which indeed is a great and useful one,) but with skill and nicety; they are also formed in such a manner as to propagate sounds by which men can communicate their ideas to each other, and render life agreeable by social intercourse and connection. How important and complicated are these uses! Yet we observe the nicest fitness; there is no part wanting, nor is there any redundancy. But hark! whence come these soft and gentle strains that borne upon the breathing wands, rise sweetly on the ear and rouse the soul with untold pleasure? See the skilful hand swept swiftly o'er the trembling chords: What unknown agency exists connected with the lifeless strings, thus to touch the enchanted heart as if with pleasing dreams of bliss? Let grave philosophy unfold these dark mysteries, and pierce through the gloom of ignorance with her sharpest eye and show that no phantoms exists there, save the swelling eddies which strike the listening ear and convey such thrilling softness to the soul. If there is any pleasure to be derived from the sweetest harmony of sounds, from the soft and melting note of the flute, to the loud resounding echo of the bugle, it must all be attributed to the existence of this wonderful medium.

But these are not all the uses to which this element is applied. How often do we see the dark cloud come driving o'er, flashing forth Franklinian fires, and filling the wide dome of heaven with the "awful voice of thunder," while nature's darkened face receives with reverence the fertilizing gift, and greets the returning calm with a cheerful and lovely appearance. Beneath the benignant showers that fall from on high, the fields smile with ripening grain, and the earth sends forth her nutrient stores. From the bosom of the air the towering mountain collects its inexhaustible supplies of refreshening water which it distributes around among the plains in bubbling springs and bursting rills, and in the silent hours of night, the beneficent air distils her watery loads, in mild and sparkling dews upon the earth, and relieved of her heating burthen, gently frolics about in morning zephyrs, under the mild light of returning day. By its influence then, earth and ocean are brought into contact, and immediately the whole machinery is put in living motion: the rains descend, the earth smiles, the waving trees impart their balmy sweets to the moving winds, soft harmony flies on its wings, man lives, receives the flying odours, bears enraptured, and rejoices with the loud voice of gratitude and praise. In a word, the air is one of those media, which refract and reflect the rays of intelligence, that man, enabled to see the impress of wisdom and beneficence, is immediately pointed to the great unseen sun of the Deity, which declines beneath the horizon of the human intellect. P.

From the Casket.

THE VISIONARY.

BY L. H. M.

"I hear a voice thou can'st not hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand thou can'st not see,
Which beckons me away." SHOLLAT.

It was in a large gothic library, of an old fashioned house, that a young girl sat alone, wrapt in deep meditation. The last rays of the departed sun had gradually faded into twilight, and twilight was fast darkening to gloom,—yet still she remained motionless and mute,—her dark eyes were passionless, her face was paler than the marble pillar against which she leaned, and so slight was the motion of her snowy bosom that it scarcely stirred the sable curls, whose dark shadow veiled its loveliness. Her spirit was gone forth, and darkly communed with the unseen world; she was compassed about with visions of mighty power, the veil that falls between the living and the dead was rent aside, and dimly rose before her soul; the shadows of departed ages, the mysterious voice of fearful prophecy darkly whispered of the future; a light was bursting on her mind, lurid and false as that which flickers o'er the murderous grave, and there came scenes well known, forms dearly loved passing gloomily across the vision of her fancy; there was a noise as of mighty rushing waters, and they sounded but one word "*death!*"—there was a phantom crowd, the multitudes of the grave, and they hurried by, whispering "*death!*"—there was a glare like the porch of hell, and its red scorching flames, inscribed the burning characters of "*death!*"—still she sat, with pale parted lips, chained as by a spell of dreadful power,—her spirit convulsively struggled to burst the fearful trance,—she strove to move, but an iron grasp was around her,—she gasped to scream, but mountains of ice seemed crushing her heart,—agonized, panting and wild, still she sat like a Pythoness in the maddening throes of inspiration, awaiting the descending God—a cheerful voice broke the horrid phantasy.

"What, sweet Beatrice," it said, "all alone in solitude and darkness! You are so fond of your bright stars, that I fear me, you will some day wing away your flight and make them brighter with your eyes.

Beatrice sprang with a startled cry from her seat, and tossing her white arms distractedly, as if to dash away some unreal vision, fell into her brother's arms insensible, and cold as Niobe, when she hardened into stone.

Beatrice Stuart, was the only daughter of Col. Donald Mac Ivor Stuart, who fell gallantly fighting for his royal and unfortunate kinsman on the fatal field of Culloden; the news of his death, and the failure of his party, arrived to his wife on the very day of Beatrice's birth, and being too suddenly communicated, had caused a violent derangement of mind, which ever after left a shadow over her heart and spirits. The lovely little stranger, who had unconsciously commenced her career under such evil auspices, was never regarded with a mother's love; Mrs. Stuart rather suffered the presence of the child, than enjoyed it; her dark eyes and lofty brow were a continual *memento mori* of her father, and yielding to superstitious gloom, the mother gave way to the common highland belief, that the spirit of the parent had been called hence to furnish life for the new born comer, and as such, considered the innocent and beautiful Beatrice, as the cause of her bereavement.

Children are very quick at discerning by whom they are loved, and Beatrice, being naturally of a morbidly sensitive temper, readily perceived that she was not a favourite child, and would shun her mother's face, choosing rather to wander alone and live in the imaginings of her own wild fancy, than encounter cold words and colder looks from one who, in the recesses of her heart, she deeply loved. So she grew up the child of nature; retired from the world, it never entered her thoughts; like the acacia, blooming in the wilderness, she offered the incense of her beauty to Heaven alone; to her, every flower and tree was instinct with life, each spring and dell had its own invisible essence; from the depths of her visionary fancy, she called forth a creation, and learned to love it as reality; nor, living as she did on the borders of the Highlands, were there wanting legends of darker lore, tales of mystic and superhuman agency, beings of wild and unearthy nature, to fill up the heart of the dreamer with visions of mystery and terror. This dangerous turn of mind was aided by the absence of her only brother, and fostered into power by her principal attendant and nurse, Elspeth, who was herself a Highlander and deeply skilled in the second sight. With her would Beatrice sit for hours, listening to the tales of superstition and of dread, in which Elspeth was too well versed,—then she would seek some fairy knoma or haunted dell, and surrounded, as she believed, by viceless ministers of air, yield to entranced reverie and dreaming abstraction.

One night Beatrice retired to her chamber more than usually oppressed in spirits, by the incurable gloom of her beloved mother—nor did she fail to represent herself as the sole cause of that which she so much deplored; she continued long to gaze through the open casement, on the starry vault of Heaven, and thought

"By the streamets that above so bright,
"That spirits were riding the northern light"

At last she sank to sleep, with her head resting on the window ledge, and the night dew wetting her long dark hair, nor could any of her ideal beings have looked more unearthly and coldly beautiful than herself; she was awakened by an icy touch laid on the brow, and looking up, beheld Elspeth standing by her side, pale and haggard with her grey hair streaming down her shoulders. Beatrice shuddered; "speak to me Elspeth," she said, "are you in the body or the spirit?"

"I am yet on earth, my child," replied the old woman in a hollow, yet solemn tone. "I am yet here, but my hour is near at hand; arise, therefore, darling of my soul, and listen to my death words."

Those who have ever visited the Highlands, will know that the language of the people there, is always good and often from the Gaelic imagery in which it abounds, extremely grand; it is only further south, that the dialect becomes a corruption of the English and Celtic tongues. Beatrice threw her arms around the old woman, and tenderly besought her to lay down while she summoned assistance, but Elspeth refused, her eye was bright and there was a proud joy graven on her face, as if she gladly burst the bands of life to enter into eternity.

"For many days my spirit has been dark as the grave," she said, "and existance has been joyless as a sunless heaven, but the clouds have passed away, and I behold the path of my feet. Beatrice, my blessed child, I am going to the land of the mighty dead, I am going to my long lost Dugal, and my bright haired bairns, and we shall rejoice together by the flowers that ever bloom, and the fountain which never runs dry; I am going to the home of the brave and free, where there is neither oppression nor wrong, and where the false hearted Southron cannot break down our strong holds; but my spirit clings to thine image, oh my child! my soul is dark as the storm blast, when the destroying angel rides upon its wings."

"Dearest Elspeth," said Beatrice tenderly, "this may be but a passing shadow, you are not ill."

"Doth the captive mourn when his fetters are rent? doth the mountain goat pause within bound of his native hill? is the hand of the clansman slow when he grasps his broad claymore? or, should I not welcome the home of liberty and death? I tell thee, maiden, I was this night once more in bonny Loch Allanmore, by the foaming cataract's stupendous fall, the giant hills and the broomy dingles; I saw the sheeling where I lived so long and knew such joyous hours; I saw the cairn where the bones of my mother whiten; aye, and I saw myself with my plaidie shrouded round my brow; but the death wail was not sung till the night birds were flown, the corpse candles were not lighted till the sun looked upon the earth, I shall not depart till the morning tide."

"Oh! take me with you to the shadowy land," cried Beatrice, "leave me not alone in a cold, unfeeling world."

Elspeth put up her hand and parted back the tresses from the pale brow of her kneeling favorite, long she looked steadfastly upon her, then spoke suddenly.

"Beatrice, as you wish peace to the spirit of your murdered sire, forget not that you are a Stuart; as you would not have his angry ghost burst from his gory grave to curse you, make neither tie nor compact with the traitorous Southron! Yet why should I warn you, it is written on your brow and you needs must dree your weird."

There was a long pause which was broken again by Elspeth; "I see," she said, "the doubles of two figures standing hand in hand, and one is like unto thee, sunbeam of my soul; the other is a *sidhee ruy*, may curses wither his roof tree, and hearse his dearest hopes; aye, even so, his winding sheet is up to his throat, and there is red blood on it, so perish the destroyers."

Beatrice covered her face and spoke in the suppest tones of horror, "see'st thou no more?"

Aye, they throng upon my soul, fast and thick; the shadows flit across my spirit; I see a darkened chamber, there is a bier and a burdly corpse streeket out, like a young tree hewn down in the glory of summer; hark, there is a cry; it is not the death wail, it is not the mourner's sob—it is not the sacred coronach; hark again, who *laughs* over the bier of the dead?

The old woman spoke no more; the first grey dawn of day was lighting up the east, and her eyes were fastened on the increasing light; while at times, she chanted portions of a Gaelic mustering song. Her heart and feelings were already departed, and her limbs were gradually stiffening into the rigidity of death. Beatrice supported her head in silent awe, once she looked hurriedly up to the reddening heavens, her eye caught the first bright beam of the ascending sun; she looked anxiously at Elspeth and saw that she was dead. Solemnly she prest her lips to the rigid brow, and stretching out her arms exclaimed, "Oh! stay awhile, spirit of the holy dead, leave me not thus forlorn and alone."

It is not surprising that the gloom of Beatrice increased after the death of her only companion and friend, nor that the circumstances attending it, should have nourished the still worse inclination to mysticism, which was so deeply imprest on her heart, until at length her desire to look into destiny became the prevailing feeling of her mind, and on the approaching All Hallows Eve, she resolved to know her fate or die in the attempt. The day had been stormy, and night came in boisterous and wild, but the elements were in unison with her raised passions, and with a pale cheek but determined spirit, she set out alone for the haunted lake of Loch Gleugyle, about a mile from Mrs. Stuart's abode of Glenallen. The lake, to which tradition attached a tale of broken faith and betrayed love, was formed by the union of two mountain torrents, whose streams flowed from the hill side into that bed; it was related that they who dared invoke the spirit of the place, might on All Hallows Eve behold in the stream, as in a glass, their future fate; and here, in a terrific night did the visionary Beatrice bend her steps.

"Oh 'twas a fearful sight to see,
Such high resolve and cone ancy,
In one so young and fair."

This could not last, and the sweet face of Beatrice grew daily paler, while her dark eye shone with a wild and uncertain lustre. Her brother was almost distracted about her, and readily yielded to Colonel Judor's entreaties for a speedy marriage, to expedite which, the brave young soldier reluctantly bade adieu for a while, to Glenallen and his beautiful betrothed bride.—Beatrice parted with him as one who bids adieu for ever to a beloved object; she held him long with her thin transparent hand, and looked sadly at him and then to Heaven, as if mournfully appealing against the misery of her fate, then bade him farewell in tones so full of wo, that the heart of the gallant soldier owned a dread that the front of battle could never inspire.

"Fare thee well, my own sweet love, be of good cheer, my Beatrice, we shall meet again in joy."

"Aye, in Heaven," was the solemn answer, and the spirit of her lover froze at the sound; he said no more, but committing her to Macgregor's arms, rushed away in tears that were no disgrace to his manly heart.

It was remarkable that Mr. Stuart never believed the malady of his sister originated in imagination, but fancied that some acting cause existed unknown to him, and deeply vowed vengeance should be discover the author of it. His suspicions were greatly excited against a certain laird, who had been presumptuous enough to purpose taking the maid of Glenallen unto himself to wife, and foolish enough to resent the disappointment in a most outrageous degree; nay, he had even been heard to say, that the false red coat should never have Beatrice Stuart, the flower of Scottish lassies for a bride. He it was whom Macgregor suspected of playing upon the known romance of Beatrice's character, and an incident which occurred after Judor's departure, confirmed his belief.

Late one evening he found his fast fading lily seated alone, as usual in the Gothic Library, and as he entered he heard a few words that she was chaunting to a lute, from which she had once been wont to draw "sweet music."

Farewell, farewell, I cannot speak,
The thoughts that in my bosom swell;
But faltering accents low and weak,
Breathe out the fatal word farewell.

Farewell, farewell, the dream is o'er,
Its brightness could not last;
My fate was dark enough before,
But darker now 'tis past.

Farewell, farewell, when I'm at rest,
My story thou wilt tell;
Then speak of me as one who loved,
"Not wisely but too well."

—the strain ceased suddenly, and a wild cry from Beatrice made her brother rush forward to her side. She had started up and stood with extended arms and glaring eye balls, fixed on the empty space, while from her parted lips, burst a low hissing sound of horror; she did not hear his alarmed questions, but stept slowly forward, breathless and shivering, as if under the influence of fascination.

"Beatrice, my sister, speak; what is the cause of your alarm?"

"There, there, do you not see him? Oh God! his eye-balls, his cheek is livid—oh look!"

"Look at what?" shouted Macgregor, "who, where, I see nothing, yet all there is I see."

"Stay, speak to me, my life, my love, speak to your own betrothed bride; he is gone, mercy, mercy, God of Heaven! and with another piercing shriek, Beatrice fell senseless on the floor.

At the same hour on the following evening, Macgregor was with his unhappy sister, vainly endeavouring to reason, ridicule or shame her out of her belief, that she had seen the death fetch of Edward Judor.

"Macgregor," she said, solemnly, "the hour is near at hand when I shall stand before my God, and as I hope in that dread moment for mercy, I saw last night the figure of Edward Judor."

"You fancied that you saw it," my sweet sister," replied he soothingly, "you are not well, and often fancy misleads the distempered mind."

"No, no, no, I saw himself, he was very pale, and (here her voice sunk to a hoarse whisper) there were blood spots on his noble brow; even now my spirit sinks at the remembrance."

She laid her head on Macgregor's shoulder, and closed her eyes; in a few minutes he felt her shoulder convulsively in his arms; he heard the gingling rattle in her throat as if she tried in vain to scream; with superhuman strength she freed herself from him, and as on the preceeding evening, rushed forward to the glass door which led to the garden, and was open for air. A moment she writhed in dreadful agony, then exclaiming, "He is there!" fell down in a death like swoon.

"There is some foul collusion here," cried Macgregor, and leaving her, rushed out into the garden, he believed he saw a dark shadow vanishing behind the trees, which was gone before he reached the spot. Muttering curses not loud but deep, he returned to his unhappy sister, solemnly vowing to discover and punish the author of this infamous plot against the peace and life of the illfated girl; for nothing would persuade him that human agency was not the cause of all.

Thus resolved, he secreted his loaded pistols on the following evening in the Library, and all the consolation he could find, when gazing on the wandering eye and hectic cheek of the beloved sufferer, was that the ghost player should dearly rue his acting.

The hour drew nigh and Beatrice was deprest to the very death; nothing could persuade her but that she should again behold the death fetch of her lover.

"He is dead," she would say, "I know that he is dead, in three times will his spirit visit the one he loved best, before it finds his rest: Oh! when shall I too depart and be at peace?"

Never during the day did the anxious brother leave the side of Beatrice; once a servant told him that a countryman wanted to see him, and he passionately desired that the man should leave his message or begone about his business, which last order the fellow, who seemed extremely drunk, immediately obeyed.

The night was lit by stars alone, and though all was then quiet, a low rushing sound of wind, gave notice that the storm spirit was spreading his wings to the night. Beatrice prest her brother's arm and murmured, "It is his death wail."

At last the distant kirk bell sounded the fated hour and Beatrice gave the usual symptoms of rising terror. The rustling of the trees were distinctly heard, and Macgregor, whose senses were wound to an acute pitch, felt certain that he distinguished footsteps on the sward. "He shall pass this way soon in earnest," was his thought, as he grasped the pistol, a shadow darkened the entrance; Beatrice sprang up with a heart breaking cry, Macgregor fired, the figure fell heavily forward with a deep groan, and as the large hat fell aside, the features of Edward Judor were dimly seen. The ball had struck his heart, he raised his dying eyes to the face of his adored Beatrice, and with a single sigh expired. The shouts of Macgregor brought servants with lights; Edward Judor had just breathed his last, and a loud frantic *laugh* from Beatrice, sounded his death knell.

The explanation of the dreadful scene was simple. Col. Judor having returned sooner than he expected, had paid a man highly to deliver a letter announcing his return into Stuart's own hand, that it might be gently broken to his beloved bride; the man having drank deeply remembered nothing but the last injunction, and departed without giving it at all, and the unfortunate young men having left the carriage at the gate and walked up alone to the house, thus fell a victim to the consequence. Macgregor went abroad, and threw away his life in battle, after the death of the illfated visionary, who, after living a few months in wild delirium, died in her seventeenth year—the victim to a deluded and overwrought imagination.

Mothers, guardians, will ye suffer the young minds of your children to be poisoned with nursery tales of superstition! far better would it be for them to die, than to live a terror to themselves, a burthen to their friends, a helpless, hopeless illfated visionary.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

SIR—From the present appearance of Europe, and not forgetting our own dear country, there will sometimes flest across the mind, and whilst reading the public papers the other evening, the following piece came to my recollection, which for beauty is not found in an "Every day book" and I hope it may please yourself and readers:

"One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes are privile'g'd
To kill, and numbers sanctify the crime.
Oh, why will kings forget that they were men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
They yet will breathe destruction, still go on,
Inhumanly ingenious, to find out
New pains for him—new terrors for the grave!
Amidst cries of death!—Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts!—nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!"

These verses so truly characteristic of the spirit of a christain divine, are extracted from a poem on Death, attributed to Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.

On the 4th of April, 1794, that excellent patriot La Stanhope in his speech, by which he introduced a motion, tending to restrain the British ministers from interfering in the internal government of France, quoted them. At the close of his speech, he asked the Bishop if he acknowledged the admirable lines just quoted.

"*They were not made for the present war*" was the Bishop's reply. How liable to err is human nature!

M.

EVENING POST.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

In the Senate, on Thursday of last week, a debate of much interest ensued, on the amendment to the Post Office Bill, offered by Mr. Bibb, abolishing postage on newspapers, from and after the 31st July next. The question being taken, it appeared there were 22 ayes, and 23 noes, so the amendment was rejected. A Washington correspondent of a New York paper, affects the belief that the vote was taken entirely on party grounds—the opposition to the amendment being confined exclusively to the supporters of the administration, on the score that an abolition of postage on newspapers would give their opponents great advantages in the transportation of political documents, and that it would tend to embarrass the Post Office Department, and thereby bring Mr. Barry into disgrace.

We are entirely unwilling to admit this to be the fact, and we think the arguments adduced are not tenable. If the amendment would facilitate the dissemination of political information for one party, the other party could avail themselves of the like advantage. And if it tended to embarrass the department, the cause would be too well understood to allow its being used against the administration.

This view of the matter, is however, a very incorrect one. It was not for the benefit of politicians that the question was originally urged on the attention of Congress, but for the advantage of the community at large—the reading community—the great mass of our honest and industrious population, who felt and still feel, the present tax on the sources of information, unreasonable and excessively onerous. It was asked for to aid the advance of knowledge, the propagation of science, the dissemination of information among the people of the United States, calculated to improve their condition, to make them more expert artisans, agriculturists and manufacturers, more intimately acquainted with the immense resources and wealth of their own country, and to enable them to improve their ability to use these resources to advantage and profit.

We regret much that the amendment has been rejected, but more that sinister motives—if such be indeed the fact—should have swayed the gentlemen who voted against it. This was not a legitimate subject for the influence of party feeling, but a matter deeply interesting to the whole nation, and not less to the character of our country.

CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.—We learn, verbally, that the Federal street theatre is to be converted into a Calisthenium, or work house for indolent females. We understand that all ladies who are found walking in the public streets, except on Sundays, or in cases of urgent necessity, are to be apprehended and lodged in the Calisthenium, until such time as their husbands, parents or friends shall pay $20 for their release. During their residence at the Federal street Penitentiary, they will be put under diet, and such a course of gentle exercise as shall insure their return to the domestic circle free from all effects of an early education. The plan is novel, and worthy of a fair experiment.—*Boston Transcript.*

A CURE FOR TIPPLERS.—A Boston paper of Thursday last says:—"Yesterday morning, a young man, who says he is an ornamental painter, made an application to Stephen Badlam, Esq. master of the House of Correction, for admission into that institution, declaring that he could not remain at large without tippling. Mr. Badlam declined accommodating him without a recommendation from the Police Court. The petitioner left Mr. B's office for his recommendation, and returned in the course of an hour in custody of Mr. Shute, and was politely accommodated for the space of thirty days to come."

The fourth American anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society was held in New York on Tuesday. It appears by the annual report that the receipts during the year amounted to $5679, and the expenses to $5541. The principal new measure proposed, is the sending out of three missionaries to act as seamen's chaplains at the ports of Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, Canton and Marseilles. The three young gentlemen destined to these important positions, Messrs. Diell, Mines and Stevens, severally addressed the audience. The collection at the close amounted to three hundred and forty dollars.

A Savannah paper says:—"Dr. Harden of Georgia, has established, by actual experiments made by himself, that spirits of hartshorn is not a remedy for the bite of poisonous snakes. The impression has been that the snake poison is an *acid*, and that hartshorn, being an *alkali*, must necessarily *neutralize* it. The experiment of Dr. Harden seems to settle the point that the poison is not an acid; and that it cannot, therefore, be counteracted by spirits of hartshorn."

MILTON, N. C. May 9th.—On Friday evening last Mr. Sidney Merritt, who lives about a mile from this place, came into town conducting a negro woman by the name of Amy, the property of Stephen Dodson, Esq. (for whom he is the overseer,) charging her with having murdered, in a most shocking manner, an infant son, an only child of his, aged about two years. The child having been missing from its mother about fifteen minutes, she and an old lady by the name of Hall, who was staying with her, went to look for it; after calling it and searching in different places, Mrs. Hall was proceeding in the direction of the branch near the house, when she was called to by the negro woman Amy, who had previously refused giving any information concerning the child, and asked where she was going, adding "that the child," calling its name, was not that way; Mrs. Hall then asked her where it was; Amy replied that it was in that house, pointing to a chicken house, near her. Mrs. Merritt, the mother of the child, who was then standing close by the chicken house, opened the door and looked in, and to her horror observed her child lying dead on the floor, with its head cut open, and an axe lying near it. She then inquired of Amy who killed her child, but she made her no answer, and immediately turned off from her and went to her house. The cries of Mrs. Merritt by that time brought her husband to the house, who took Amy into custody and brought her to town. On the way she confessed the commission of the murder, and on being interrogated as to the cause, stated "that the devil persuaded her to kill it." She has been lodged in jail, and will doubtless have her trial during our Superior Court now sitting. A coroner's inquest was summoned by Thomas Gunn, Esq. our coroner, who examined the body of the child, and returned a verdict of wilful murder by the said negro slave Amy.—*Spectator.*

JOHN L. CLARK, late President of the Burrillville Bank, in Rhode Island, having been charged with abstracting the funds of that institution, (which recently stopped payment) escaped from Rhode Island into the state of New York. He was arrested by virtue of permission from Governor Throop, and delivered into the hands of the Rhode Island Sheriff. The case was brought before the Supreme Court of New York, by a writ of habeas corpus, where it was urged, for the dismissal of the prisoner, that the act charged upon him was vaguely referred to; and even if proved, did not amount to what the law requires to authorise his being forcibly returned to Rhode Island. Chief Justice LUCE delivered this opinion—says the Journal of Commerce.

"'I am of opinion that the proceedings in this case have been regular, and that the prisoner is legally in custody of the officer, and that he should be remanded.'

"In this opinion Judges Sutherland and Nelson concurred. It is expected the prisoner will be conveyed to Providence by this afternoon's steamboat. We understand the amount of his responsibilities is about $57,000."

DESPERATE RENCONTRE AND MURDER.—We understand a man by the name of Murphey, the overseer of Mr. John Simpson merchant of Florence, on Saturday last had on occasion to chastise a negro woman on the plantation, (about 19 miles below this place. That the husband of the woman, a negro named Dick, having been present became much enraged, and using the most insolent and abusive language, approached Murphey with the purpose of assaulting him. The overseer, we learn, struck him with the but of his whip, and Dick immediately seized him by the collar, and commenced stabbing him in the face and chest with a knife which, it is said, he had sharpened for the purpose some time before. In the scuffle they both fell, the negro being uppermost, and continuing his blows with the knife—at this time another negro ran up in order to pull Dick away. The latter immediately turned on this boy with his knife, in the mean time Murphey arose, bleeding profusely, and finding his strength fast leaving him went into the house for the purpose of placing himself on a bed. Dick not having his vengeance yet satiated, and armed with an axe, again sought his victim to give him a finishing blow. Murphey had by this time seized a loaded gun but very imprudently from a reluctance to take the life of the negro, threw out the priming. As Dick approached to strike him with the axe, a negro woman seized his arm, and called other negroes to her assistance by whose interposition Murphey was saved from farther violence. Dick did not attempt to escape, and has been safely lodged in jail, to await his trial, which will take place in the course of the ensuing week. We learn that Murphey died on Tuesday morning about two o'clock, and that he was severely stabbed in about twenty places. He was an upright man, a good citizen, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.—*Florence Gazette*

From the Norfolk Herald.

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

On Thursday last, Frederick White, a farmer, of North Landing, Princess Anne County, called at our office and requested us to write an advertisement for him, the particulars of which, as detailed by him, were so extraordinary, that it was not until we had been at some trouble to obtain corroborative evidence of his statement, that we could venture to publish it.

His story was to this effect:—A man named Simon Stone, of the same neighbourhood, went to White's premises in his absence, on the 6th of February last, armed with a gun; concealed himself near the dwelling, and watching the opportunity which was offered by White's wife in going out some little distance from the house, seized her and with threats of instant death if she resisted or gave any alarm, forced her away with him, with nothing but the clothes she had on, and no covering to her head but a handkerchief.

On returning home, White learnt the astounding fact of his wife's abduction by Stone, from his mother-in-law, and instantly went in pursuit of her and her ravisher. He traced them to Norfolk, where, to his great grief and disappointment, after some time spent in fruitless enquiries, he learnt that he had left in a packet for the Eastern Shore. Dejected and despairing of ever seeing her again, he returned home to his now desolate dwelling. On the 19th of Feb. however, his lost treasure was restored; his wife returned to his arms; but forlorn and emaciated from distress of mind and bodily sickness. She affirmed the fact of the threats of violence used by Stone to make her go along with him, and which had so alarmed her that she durst not resist or call aloud for help. Thus overcome by her fears, she remained passive, and submitted to his unchaste embraces, as the alternative, as she believed, of life or death, until she found an opportunity to make her escape from his brutal rudeness.

The fond doating husband received her again to his bosom, almost forgetting the horrors of the past in the bright anticipations of future happiness which beamed upon his heart,—when lo! on the 30th of March, only six weeks after, this modern Tarquin again came suddenly upon Mrs. White as she was cutting a pine broom from the thicket near her dwelling, and, armed as before, with a gun, again forced her from her family, and carried her off! Again the distracted husband pursued them to Norfolk, and fortunately arrived just in time to prevent a second trip to the Eastern Shore, which he did by rescuing his wife; though Stone disappeared before a warrant could be taken out for his arrest; somewhat soothed, however, by the recovery of his wife, the dearest jewel of his soul, he gave up the pursuit of the cruel disturber of his peace.

Will the reader believe it? 'Tis almost incredible, but nevertheless true—a third time—yes, a third time did the persevering spoiler of the peace of an inoffensive family return to the charge! On Tuesday week, he entered the dwelling of White, who was absent, and with violent threats and menaces forced away with him the wretched victim of his brutality, in spite of the remonstrances of her aged mother, and the tears of her infant child.

Driven almost to madness by this monstrous, this reiterated outrage, the deeply injured husband once more pursued the absconded pair, but unable to gain any tidings of them, he resolved to make his case known to the public, which he did in last Friday's paper.

Returning home, where he arrived on Thursday afternoon, he was told by his mother-in-law that his wife had been brought home in his absence by Stone, but that the monster had permitted her to stay only until she took some refreshment. It was in vain that she implored him to let her remain with her family; with a demoniac laugh he bade her come along with him, instantly, or he would shoot her on the spot. The wretched woman, however, found an opportunity to let her mother know that her husband might find her that night in a *hog pen*, in which she and Stone had slept the night before (the situation of which she described); or if not there they would certainly be at one Johnson Henley's, a few miles off—Accordingly White repaired to the hog pen, but not finding them there, proceeded to Henley's, where he learned that they expected to sup and lodge that night, but that they had not then arrived. White then called on a constable (having previously provided himself with a warrant) and told him where Stone might be taken, directing him to be at Henley's very early in the morning, before Stone could be stirring—He then returned to reconnoitre Henley's house, and saw through a window, his wife and Stone seated at the supper table. He continued to watch them until he saw them both leave the table and go up stairs together, when he returned for the constable. In the morning, before sun rise, White, (who had with him a gun loaded with a ball and buck shot,

for a second time, Stone pursued his way a few steps further, when, in turning to observe White, he struck his foot against a fence rail and fell over it. White was then within 30 yards of him, and pointing his gun at Stone, fired as he rose and Stone received nearly the whole charge in his hip, the ball and some of the shot, from the position he was in, passing through the Kidneys. Though mortally wounded, he did not fall, but, almost in defiance of nature preserved his position, and again levelled the fatal tube at his antagonist—and again it missed fire! He then fell; but summoning all his strength, he raised himself on his elbow, and once more essayed to fire his piece, but still it deceived him; he then sank prone and senseless upon the ground, and expired in a few hours after, clinging to his gun the while with a death grasp.

White has been taken into custody until an examination court can be convened on his case, when, it is presumed, he will be admitted to bail.

Stone was only 23 years of age, rather under the middle size, with a physiognomy that might have put any cautious man on his guard, and a character of the most profligate stamp. He had married at the age of 21, a dumbwoman, who was much his senior, in consideration of a small plantation, which she possessed; and having sold it, he no longer regarded his matrimonial obligations. He had been a frequent visitor at White's, and had taken liberties with his wife which were not considered within the pale of propriety, and which had induced White to forbid him his house.

Mrs. White is 22 years of age, of a pale and sickly cast of countenance, and possessing none of those fascinating qualities which might be judged sufficient to ensnare one of the other sex to his ruin.

White bears the character of an inoffensive man, passionately attached to his wife, as has been shewn, though somewhat tainted both in his corporeal and intellectual dimensions.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO HAYDON.

Genius immortal, industry untired,
The power and capacity of thought
Sublimest, to mightiest aspirations wrought,
Are thine, by throes of great achievements fired.
I need not tell thee, Haydon, thou hast felt
The fever, the extasies of daring art,
The heavings and the sinkings of the heart,
At shadows that oft like vapor crossed
And oft like rocks opposed us. It is thine,
After a warfare silent, but most deep,
To triumph and o'ercome: thy name shall shine
In Fame's unfading retrieval like a river,
That having toiled o'er rocks, in left to sleep
'Mid everlasting hills, and gleam for ever!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO DOCTOR ADRAIN.

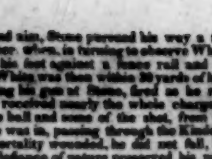
Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania.

SIR,—Allow me to submit to your inspection another solution to the second question on the last page of my book of Euclid, that you may have an opportunity of contrasting it with that furnished by me in the Chronicle of the 11th of last July, and which so well met your approbation.

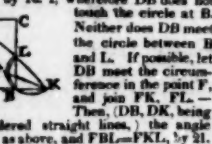
QUESTION II.

Let ABCD be a square: it is required to determine *geometrically* a point E in the side AB produced, such that drawing the straight line DLK, from the remotest angle D, to that point, the segment LK of it, without the square, shall be of a given length.

Analysis.—On LK as a diameter describe the semi-circle KBL, which will pass through the angular point B, by 2 cor. 31. 3. (my Eu.) and draw the diagonal DB. This DB if produced, will enter the circle at B, for it neither touches the circle at B, nor meets it any where between B and L.

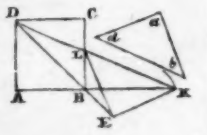


Supposing DB to touch the circle at B, then the angle DBL=LKB, in the alternate segment, by 32. 3. But DBL=DBA, by 7. 1. each being half a right angle; hence the exterior angle DBA=the interior opposite angle DKB, which is impossible by 16. 1; wherefore DB does not touch the circle at B. Neither does DB meet the circle between B and L. If possible, let DB meet the circumference in the point F, and join FK, FL.—Then, (DB, DK, being always considered straight lines,) the angle DBA=DBL, as above, and FBL=FKL, by 21. 3; hence DBA=DKF, which is but a part of DKB; and hence the exterior angle DBA is less than the interior opposite angle DKB, which is impossible by 16. 1. Therefore DB does not meet the circle between B and L. And it has been shown above that where it meets the circle in B, it does not touch it. Consequently DB will cut the circle in the point B.



Produce DB therefore (fig. 1.) to meet the periphery again in E, and join EK, EL. The angle ELK=EBK, (by 21. 3.)=ABD=half a right angle; and KEL=a right angle, by 31. 3; hence EKL°=half a right angle, by 32. 1; whence EL=EK. And since the triangles DEK, KEB, have the angle at E common to both, and DKE=half a right angle, as shown above°,=EBK, they are equiangular by 32. 1, whence DE : EK : : EK : EB, by 4. 6; and therefore DE × EB=EK°, by 17. 6. Hence the following construction is naturally derived.

Construction.—Let BD be the given line; draw the diagonal BD, and make the angles *b*, *d*, each=ABD or ADB, whence the angle *a*=the right angle A, by 32. 1, and *ab*=*ad*, by 6. 1. Produce DB to E, so that DE × EB=*ab*², by 16. 2. (my Eu.;) about E, with a radius =*ab*, describe an arch to cut AB produced in K; then K is the point required; and drawing the straight line DLK, the part LK will be=the given line *bd*. Join EK, EL.



Demonstration. Because DE × EB=*ab*²=EK², by construction, DE : EK : : EK : EB, by 17. 6; hence the triangles DEK, KEB, are equiangular by 6. 6, and the angle DKE°=KBE=half a right angle; and since the angle LBE=a right angle and half, the two, LKE + LBE=two right angles. Therefore the two BLK + BEK=two right angles by 1 cor. 32. 1; and hence the quadrilateral figure BLKE is one inscribed in a circle, by 22. 3; whence the angle ELK=EBK, (by 21. 3.)=half a right angle; but EKL=half a right angle, as shown above°; therefore KEL=a right angle, and EL=EK. Now the triangles EKL, *abd*, have the two sides EK, EL, of the one,=the two *ab*, *ad*, of the other each to each, and the angle KEL=the right angle *a*; therefore LK=*bd*, the given line. Q. E. D.

☞ It will be conceded that Simson's Euclid does not afford the necessary elements for this solution.

Very respectfully yours,
MARTIN ROCHE,
Pa'ad. 19th May, 1832. Corner of Fifth and Walnut sts.

The Bradford Settler has the following:—"A strange story is in circulation, the truth or falsity of which should be fathomed by the proper officers.—The story, as we have it, is as follows;—that a certain person in the lower part of this county a few weeks ago shot at his own son and missed him; that the circumstance was mentioned in the presence of a person who had left the county about 20 years before, and who had lately returned; that he remarked, "if he had killed him, it would not have been the first man he had killed," and then went on to say, that before he went away he saw——kill a person named Maxwell, and that he put the body in a well and closed it up; that another boy was also a witness to the deed; that——swore he would shoot them if they ever said a word about it, and gave them money to leave the country, which they did.—It is also stated that a man named Maxwell disappeared very suddenly about that time, and that the well was filled up, the reason assigned for doing which was that the water was bad.—Such are the circumstances as related to us."

Evening Post.

☞ This paper circulates extensively in all parts of the United States. Upwards of 12,000 copies are printed every week, and the subscription list is constantly and rapidly increasing.

MESA.—A gentleman who has been some time resident at Trinidad, informs the editor of the Barnstable Patriot, that Mesa is an illegitimate son of a very rich gentleman in Cuba. He was not allowed, however, to take the name of his father, but lived with his mother's relations and bore her name. He was the perpetrator of a murder in his native place, and in consequence, clandestinely put on board a vessel bound to Boston; which was his first introduction into this country.—

STABBING.—An affray took place on Monday afternoon, in Broad street, between two persons, one named Patrick Blair, and the other a butcher, in the course of which, the latter drew a knife and stabbed Blair in the neck, very near the jugular. He was taken to the Hospital, and is considered in imminent danger of his life. The other escaped.

On board the steamboat Burlington, during her upward trip on Wednesday, a valuable horse, which was fastened to the railing on the forward deck, became frightened and restive, and made an attempt to spring overboard, which was rendered ineffectual immediately, by his hind feet becoming entangled in the railing, and left him hanging, head downwards, over the side. It was found impossible to extricate him, but by cutting away the bulwarks, which was immediately done, when he dropped into the water, and was towed around to the stern of the boat, quite dead.

Gov. Wolf has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of 300 dollars to any person who shall apprehend and secure in the jail of the county of Schuylkill, the incendiary or incendiaries who recently attempted to destroy, by fire, the town of Port Carbon; the reward to be paid on the conviction of the perpetrators of the crime. The Governor, moreover, promises a free pardon to any accomplice who shall give such information as may lead to the conviction of the principal offender.

The 2nd number of the American Quarterly Review is entirely printed, and will be issued at the stated period—the 1st of June. The titles of the several articles are—1. The Public Domain. 2. Flint's Mississippi Valley. 3. Lord Dover's Frederick the Great. 4. The Tariff Question. 5. Oxford Prize Essays. 6. Bouchette's British North America. 7. Life of Governeur Morris. 8. Doctrine of Probabilities. 9. West Point Academy. The three Reports on the Bank Question are appended to the number.

LOSS OF LIVES AT SEA.—A Halifax paper of the 9th inst. mentions that the brig Nova Scotia, on her passage from a sealing voyage to Nova Scotia, near the brig James of Liverpool, N. S., in the ice, with a wreck in tow, which soon after went down, and the Nova Scotia passed a number of dead men on the ice. At one place nine bodies were seen lying together in one group on the ice.

SELF MURDER.—It is stated in the Dundaff Pennsylvanian, that a gentleman by the name of Smith, from Pike co. committed suicide by strangulation, on Friday last, near Montrose.

It is further stated in the same paper, that on Monday last, in Brooklin township, Susquehanna county, Edward Packer, Esq. put a period to his existence by hanging. "Mr. Packer," says the paper, "was one of our most respected and worthy citizens. No satisfactory cause for the rash and unnatural deed has been ascribed, but it originated, beyond doubt, from an aberration of intellect."

Messrs Beers, Booth & St. John, have now in their office a quantity of Gold, from Shelton's mine, in Huberstown county, Georgia, which is valued at 1500 dollars. One of the pieces weighs seven hundred and twenty pennyweights, and six per cent. only, is estimated as the loss in fluxing it.—These who are curious to see this rich specimen of native gold, will be gratified by calling at the office No. 71 South Second street.

The laborers employed in opening a sewer across the north-west public square, the ancient Potters Field, find melancholy proofs of the insufficiency of the earth to retain its mortal deposit. At the depth of four or five feet, and the length of some twenty or thirty yards, more than fifty human skulls were thrown up, with the complement of other bones. We noticed, that in one instance, a man had been buried with his clothes on, the buttons had withstood the dampness of the grave better than himself; his bony uncle rattled strangely in his boots—"now a world too wide."

The directors of the work caused every bone to be placed in a box and carefully deposited in a new grave.

A FRENCH READER.—Several years ago, a respectable and respected lady in a neighboring state, took upon herself the onerous duties of editor and publisher of a literary periodical. A proof sheet of the first number was forwarded to her, which she returned to the printer with no corrections. It may be necessary here to state, for the information of such of our readers as are unacquainted with the mysteries of printing, that it is customary when a letter or point is wrong, to draw a mark through it, and place the desired character in the margin, so that the type can be changed. The proof of the next number was carried to her by the devil of the office, who remarked that he was surprised she could find no errors in the former one, "I will be so to that," replied she, "I cannot say much, for there was nearly a hundred superfluous commas in it, but I set up all night and scratched them out with a pen knife, so nearly that no one could perceive them."

An accident occurred in this city on Saturday last, says the New Brunswick Times, which cause very near proving fatal in its consequences. The horses attached to the carriage of Mr. Woodworth residing near this city, took fright from a load of iron being thrown into the street, and becoming unmanageable, upset the vehicle, and threw the persons who were in it (two ladies, a child, and the driver) violently on the pavement. The ladies were considerably bruised—the face of one of them severely cut; the driver's leg was broken; the child escaped unhurt.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.—The monument about to be erected over the remains of the mother of Washington, by Silas E. Burrows, Esq. of New York, is to be fifty-five feet in height, to consist of pure marble, and to be surrounded with a bust of Washington, presented by Col. Howard of Baltimore. There is to be no other inscription, thus

Mary, the Mother of Washington.

COFFEE.—Mr. D. a celebrated manufacturer of an invaluable and infallible coffee, was lately seen busily hobbling about the streets of a neighboring city, with cloth shoes on, "to ease his corns." On being asked why he did not apply some of his own remedy, he answered that his orders were so extensive and pressing, that he could not keep even a single foot for his own use!

There is a solemn warning to wine drinkers, conveyed through the following paragraph, from the Boston Gazette. "A correspondent to one of the New Orleans papers states, upon veritable authority, that there has recently been imported into that city, a large quantity of spurious wine, the principal part of which bears the name of Malaga; but which is supposed to be no more than a compound of good cider, molasses, & rum, with the acetate of lead, to give it a lively character. It is added, that some of this wine has been examined, and the acetate of lead detected in it in large quantities. It is believed that many persons have fallen victims to this poisonous composition in different parts of the country."

Several living Chameleons have recently reached Cincinnati alive, having been caught on Prophet's Island, in the Mississippi. They were found running about on houses and small trees, and on their arrival at Cincinnati, had been five weeks in confinement. Their food is said to be mosquitoes and flies, which they will only eat alive. The editor says they have the power of changing their hue, but it has no reference to the color of the substance on which they are placed. The greediness with which they devour flies, does not contain the once popular opinion of their living upon air.

DARING ROBBERY.—A raftman, from the upper part of this state, was robbed in Kensington, on Sunday night, of a pocket book containing between three and four hundred dollars. He had taken lodgings at a respectable hotel after having disposed of a quantity of lumber, the proceeds of which were contained in a pocket book, which he had put in his hat for the time, and having occasion to step to the door, before going to bed, an unknown person struck the hat from his head, seized the pocket book, and ran. He followed for some time, but the villain had the advantage of an acquaintance with localities, and finally escaped detection.

The last number of Silliman's Journal notices the death of Amos Doolittle, said to have been the first person who engraved on Copper in this country. He was self-taught, and his first production was a print of the battle of Lexington. This was the first historical engraving executed in America, and one of his last works was a reprint of it. He died at the age of 78, and until within a very few weeks of his death, was able to engrave the finest lines without the aid of glasses.

The New York Evening Post of yesterday, says:—We learn that the alarming prevalence of the Cholera at Paris, and the obstructions with the quarantine regulations adopted in consequence, occasion to travellers, have led Mr. Van Buren to change the plan of his tour upon the continent, and that he designed leaving Paris on the 11th for Strasbourg, from thence would descend the Rhine to Holland, where he would embark for England, and take passage in the Liverpool packet of the 1st of June for this city.

A Coroner's inquest was held in New York on Sunday, on the body of an unknown of miserable appearance, who was found laying dead in the street, at the corner of Broome and Greene streets. The unfortunate deceased was not recognized by any of the persons who saw him. He was, however, seen in a state of gross intoxication, on Saturday evening, and from a medical examination it is believed he died from *delirium tremens*.

A destructive fire occurred at Savannah, on the 8th inst. on board the Steamboat Pendleton, which consumed the vessel with her entire cargo, consisting of 674 bales of cotton, and every thing else on board, including the passengers baggage. The cotton was insured for 20,000 dollars, viz. by the Union Insurance Company, Boston, $16,300; Augusta Insurance Co. $900; Marine & Fire Insurance Co. Charleston, $800. No lives were lost.

REPORTED REVOLUTION.—The ship Doughas, Captain Bourne, from Rio Janeiro, spoke on the 30th ult. a British ship from Pernambuco. The Captain informed Captain Bourne, that a revolution had broken out, and that Portuguese and Brazilians were murdered daily.

Boston, May 21, 1832.

LARGE HORSE.—An unusually large and beautifully proportioned horse, was on Saturday last exhibited in State street. He was of a dark bay color, and though but a "colt," and stated by his keeper to be "only three years old, come July," he measured 17½ hands high, and was the biggest horse we recollect ever having seen. The keeper valued him at $1500. He was raised in Wheelock, Virginia, and appeared to be remarkably active and docile.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY.—A respectable lad in charge a middle-aged gentleman, apparently a foreigner, and unacquainted with the routine of police business. He complained, warm and strongly lined, exhibiting either deep thought, or laborious application, to decide which, involved no little difficulty, especially as the characteristics of his face were distinguished by a sarcastic leer, and an expression of contempt for those around him, which almost amounted to downright impudence. He gave his name, Jonathan Bull, and was arrested under the following singular circumstances:—

As the officer was reading his beat, between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, his attention was attracted by the prisoner, who was standing as still as a post, in the middle of the street. His eyes were cast down to the earth, and every appearance about him indicated what some writers call "a brown study," but what the watchman, owing to his ignorance of fine sentiment and poetry, denominated "drunk as a lord." The officer went up to him, and gently placing his hand on his shoulder, kindly asked what might be the subject of the prisoner's meditations. He answered, without hesitation, that he was surveying for the loss of a favorite cow. The faithful, affectionate animal, he said, had been in his family, participating in all his vicissitudes, calf and cow, now about eighteen years. This day she had taken sick, and despite all his exertions, added to three bottles of Porter's Carbolicus, and seven of Swaim's Panacea, she died. It was too much for his worn out frame, and he felt as if he should sink under the load of his misfortune.

The officer, notwithstanding his natural callousness of disposition, was moved by the affecting account of the prisoner, and he affectionately sought to comfort him. In doing so, however, he changed to inhale the fumes of the prisoner's breath, which, to his quick perception, seemed to be strongly tinctured with alcohol. It immediately struck him that the doleful tale was nothing more than

"Seem grieve, laugh in sleeve,"

for the purpose of escaping the penalty for a violation of our laws, and he promptly conveyed him to the watch-house. On the way thither he seems to have recovered several interesting particulars of the prisoner's life; for he stated to the Mayor, during the examination, that to his certain knowledge, Jonathan had been guilty of purchasing whiskey by the pint, and retailing that quantity into no less than sixteen drams, at three pence each.

"How is this, Jonathan, do you drink whiskey?"

Prisoner. No, your honor, lordy, when I can't git genuine whiskey, I'm what the wild Hiram drinks, and what makes 'em fight like bloody murder. I calls that *gunpowder*.

Mayor. Is it true that you retail liquor?

Prisoner. Honly, your worship, when I travels. He's an hexecutioner, has I travelled half the way to Pittsburg on three oil pints, hand has many loaves of bread I retailed the liquor to pay my way.

Mayor. What's your business?

Prisoner. He's a mole catcher. I've had hextraordinary luck lat that business. I catched seventeen grand moles in a day, and killed the eighteenth, but a gun hull hafter tearing a leg in hat. I was fifty years a hacquiring my hexperience, has lat cost me half fifty pound his ready money. That's his the hold country.

Mayor. Well, I don't want to hear that. You must pay your fine for being intoxicated, and go home, and tend to your business, or I shall commit you as a vagrant.

Prisoner. Now the Lord be thanked! You don't call me a vagrant, do you? Why, bless me, I'm has honest has mole catcher has lever yet seed; and if your worship as hany thing of that sort to do, I'll charge you hardy all price.

The prisoner was fined and discharged.

MONDAY.—A watchman had in charge an elderly gentleman, and two lads, whom he had found behaving quite unmannerly on Sunday morning, at the corner of Race and Ninth street. The attention of the watchman had been called by a group, who were laughing with great apparent amusement, to one Mr. Abel F. Riter, the elder of the prisoners, who with extraordinary freedom of speech, joined with a sonorous voice, was holding forth, much to the edification of those around him, who seemed to be highly entertaining to a Philadelphia citizen. The speaker laid particular emphasis on this latter part of his discourse—he roundly asserted, that in New York, to knock down a watchman was the finest sport imaginable, and one that he had often enjoyed; that there is man night at Sing Sing, who would be happy to see and kick over and drag out every body that came in his way. This species of oratory sensibly excited the feelings of his auditors—they thought it glorious to live in such a city, and rapidly that Philadelphia should have such a curmudgeon like the watchman, who in inhumanity subject: from talking loud they proceeded to halloing; and from halloing to swaggering: from swaggering to bullying, and from bullying they were fast verging into Tom and Jerry, when they were all arrested by a piece of watchman, who had been silently drawing a circle around them.

They were fined and discharged.

A Mr. John M'Clellagh was placed for safe keeping, in the hands of the watch, on Sunday evening, by a friend of his, residing in the Liberties, who stated that he labored under mental derangement. This morning it was further stated to the Mayor, that John, a few days since, left his boarding house, with the avowed determination of going to Gray's ferry bridge, on the beautiful Schuylkill, there to commit suicide by drowning. He did go, and on the act of "shuffling off this mortal coil," was overtaken and brought back. Subsequently, on Friday last, he got in a "strange way," and declared that somebody was pursuing him to take his life. Under this impression, he actually jumped from a three story window, fortunately, however, without sustaining much injury. His friends during he might succeed in his designs upon his life, thought proper to hand him over to the Mayor. The poor man may come questioned, candidly acknowledged that it was only when excited by liquor that these irrational notions presided over John. He was sent to the bettering house.

TUESDAY.—Alexander Long, not unknown at the Police office, was brought up on a charge of fighting and quarrelling in his own house, with certain members of his own family.

Mr. Moss, a boarder in the house, deposed that the prisoner assaulted him on Monday evening, without provocation, and threatened his life. He was, at times, a troublesome man, abusing his wife and family, and spending his time in rant and drunkenness.

Wm. Long, also appeared, and testified that his father gave the family infinite trouble, by the cruel manner in which he behaved towards them. For a similar offence some months since, he had been committed to prison; but when he came out, he was as bad as ever, if not worse. He would not work, or else keep the money he has own earnings, and from some unaccountable motive, appeared to take pleasure in thwarting him in his business. Deponent though only eighteen, had the whole charge of the family upon him, and he felt much grieved that under these circumstances he should also be subject to ill treatment from his father.

The prisoner was committed to jail.

GAMBLING HOUSES.—Preparations have been making for some time past, by those assiduous officers, High Constables M'Leon and Blayney, in conjunction with their trusty body-guard, the members of the Police, to attack and capture a pair of notorious gambling houses, which they have long had in their "mind's eye," one situated in Frost street a few doors below Spruce, and the other in Eighth, at the corner of an alley, below Walnut. Having matured their plans of surprise, with every thing in readiness, they got possession of the avenues leading to the sanction of the establishment in Frost street, managed by Messrs. James Gardener and Charles Stiles, and before the trade were apprised of the intended attack, the room was filled with a host of the "gen d'armes" in full costume. The surprise, it is but natural to suppose, was better *felt* than described, by those practicing in fancied security; at the *roulette*, sweet cloths, &c. with which the room abounded. The Police took possession of every portable article that came to view, consisting of the entire apparatus, tables, wheels, checks, and a considerable amount of current coin, and between twenty and thirty prisoners. They were positively fined, and the keepers bound to the Mayor's court in the sum of $800 each.

The house in Eighth street, kept by Philip Ruth & Co. was taken possession of the same way, and the inmates shared a similar fate.

WEDNESDAY.—An Irish lady, quite genteel in appearance, and apparently well educated, was before his honor this morning, making complaint against her husband, on the score of ill treatment. She complained of his abuse and threats; of his vile habits of drunkenness; of his inattention to his family; and of his contempt for decency, in the most eloquent terms, and emphatically beseeched that she might be released from so miserable a situation.

His honor listened with attention; but when she was done, so little astonished her by saying that he was thoroughly acquainted with the whole facts of the case; that he knew her character well, and that of her husband; and was well prepared of the two she was much the worst in every particular she had named. He knew, he said, that it was she who was most ardently attached to the bottle; that it was she who invariably commenced all the family quarrels of which she complained, and that it was she who richly deserved punishment, instead of her hard-working industrious husband. His honor, in conclusion, gave her some excellent advice, and recommended her to go home, and behave herself as she ought, and he would insure her kind treatment.

She left the office much mortified in spirit.

A watchman in South near Broad street, observed at a late hour on Sunday night, a stranger wandering about in a manner which rendered rather equivocal the nature of his business. The watchman watched him as in duty bound, but he soon ascertained that his customer was doing the same thing—watching him. He therefore made bold to put himself immediately within his observation, that it might not, on any future occasion, be said of him, that he put his light under a bushel. The stranger anticipated the officer by asking, "what do you hunders want here?" The watch replied that he came to see what his interrogator might be after. This seemed to give great offence to the stranger, and he commenced abusing the honest watchman in unmeasured terms, calling him liar, thief, villain, &c. and every thing else that was disreputable. Not satisfied with this, when the watch made an effort to street him, he hit him a severe blow, which felled him to the earth. This advantage he was proceeding to follow up, when assistance came to hand, by which means the assailant was conveyed to the watch house.

He proved to be one John Brown, somewhat addicted to hard drinking. He was fined and bound over to court.

SQUABBLES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Since the first session of Congress which was held at New York, 1789, the following States have furnished Speakers to the House:—

Pennsylvania	2	Connecticut	1
New Jersey	2	Massachusetts	3
North Carolina	3	Kentucky	2
South Carolina	1	New York	2
Virginia	5		

Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, was speaker of the first Congress.

THE TARIFF.

The following is a synopsis of the bill reported by the House of Representatives on Saturday last, by the Secretary of the Treasury.—*Globe.*

The act of 14th May, 1828, to be repealed after the 30 of March, 1833; after that time, the duties to be as follows:

On wool, manufactured, not costing more than 10 cents a pound, 5 per cent ad valorem, and costing more than 10 cents a pound, 20 per cent ad valorem.

On manufactures of wool, or of which wool is a component part, not otherwise specified, costing not more than fifty cents the square yard, 10 per cent ad valorem.

On worsted stuff goods, woollen and worsted yarn, 20 per cent ad valorem.

On cotton, gloves, blankets, hosiery, carpets and carpeting, 25 per cent ad valorem.

On threads, laces, and all other manufactures of wool, 20 per cent ad valorem.

On manufactures of cotton of all kinds, or of which cotton is a component part, 25 per cent ad valorem—those printed, dyed, coloured, or stained, to be valued at 25 cents a square yard—and white cottons, to be valued at 20 cents a square yard; on nankeens imported direct from China, 20 per cent ad valorem.

On iron, and the manufactures of iron, the same duties as were paid in 1824, with some unimportant exceptions; and checks provided against evasions of the duties.

On sugar—brown, and syrup for making sugar, 2½ cents per pound.

On sugar—white, clayed or powdered, 3½ cents per pound.

On salt, 5 cents a bushel of 56 pounds.

On teas of all kinds, direct from China, and in vessels of the United States, one cent a pound; otherwise 10 cents a pound.

On coffee, 4 cent a pound.

On honey, manufactured, 20 dollars per ton.

On sail-cloth, 10 cents a square yard.

On cotton bagging, 3½ cents a square yard.

On floor cloths, stamped, painted, or printed, 43 cents a square yard; other oil-cloths, of all kinds, and floor matting, 30 per cent ad valorem.

On sheet of all kinds, 25 per cent ad valorem.

On glass, the same duties as were paid 1824.

On olive-oil, in casks, 12½ cents a gallon.

On French wines—red, in casks, 6 cents per gallon; white do. 10 do.; all kinds in bottles, 20 cents do.

On barley, grass or straw baskets; composition, wax, or leather beads; all other beads, not otherwise enumerated; bandbeck; shell or paper boxes; hair bracelets; lock hair rings; up hair dressings; bricks; parent clay; brooms of hair, or palm leaf; Cadmania of Tuhing; shawls of all kinds; feathers for beds; and palm leaf or palmetto hats.

All other articles not enumerated, as being either free, or liable to a different rate of duty, and which, according to existing laws, are liable to a higher ad valorem duty than 15 per cent, to pay an ad valorem duty of 15 per cent after the 3d day of March, 1833.

The following is to be added to the list of articles exempted from duty by the existing laws:

Cocoa, almonds, currants, prunes, figs, raisins, of all kinds, black pepper, ginger, mace, nutmegs, cinnamon, cassia, cloves, pimento, cayenne, corks, crude saltpetre, tube arms, flax unmanufactured, quick silver, opium, quills prepared, tin in pigs and slabs, tin in plates, marble, bear cloth and postings, blue vitriol, aquafortis, gum arabic, gum senegal, epaulets of gold and silver, lac dye, madder, madder root, nuts and berries used in dying, sumac, saffron, turmeric, wood or pastel, alum, embergris, burgundy pitch, bark peruvian, cochineal, cupron, calomel, chamomile flowers, coriander seed, cumberdiss, castoreum, cutsup, chalk, cuculus indicus, coral, corrosive sublimate, dates, filberts, fittering stones, frankincense, gulbes, gambogo, hemlock, henbane, hones, horsepistes for lanterns, or horses, other hones and tops, indie rubber, ipecacuana, ivory remnants, lead in pigs, lead in pipes, lac lake, mail stones, musk, nuts of all kinds, olives, oil of juniper, paintings and drawings, patterns unmanufactured, reeds unmanufactured, rhubarb, rotten stone, tamarinds, tortoise shell, tin foil, shellac, sponges, sago, spy glass, tortoise shell, tortoise shell combs, tutenag, turtle paste, tartar crude, vegetables such as are used principally in dying and composing dyes, weld, and all articles used principally for dying, coaning under the duty of 15½ per cent, all other dying drugs, and materials for compounding dyes, and all other medicinal drugs, and all articles not enumerated in this act or the existing laws and now liable to ad valorem duty of 15 per cent, to be free.

The additional 10 or 20 per cent (as the case may be) now charged on the value of the merchandise, before the duty is calculated, to be taken off, all the charges of importation, commissions, drayage, wharfage, &c. in the foreign country, to be considered as constituting a part of the cost or value of the goods, and insurance only from the foreign port of exportation to the United States, to be estimated.

Credit on duties reduced—one half to be payable in three months, and one half in six months—under two hundred dollars to be paid in cash. Duties on woollens to be paid in cash, or the duties may be stored for 3 and 6 months upon payment of interest.

Auction duty of ½ per cent on foreign woollen manufactures, sold at public auction; in places where there is no officer of the customs, no such woollens to be sold at auction without an officer to be present.

Appraisers may examine owners, importers, consignees and others on oath, and require the production of any papers in their possession, touching the value of the merchandise to be appraised by them; if the owner, importer or consignee, refuse to take the oath, or produce the papers, the appraisement to be final. If they swear falsely, to be deemed guilty of perjury, and goods to be forfeited.

In consideration of the duties imposed on articles used in constructing and fitting ships and vessels, a drawback to be allowed, in certain instances, on first taking out a license of two dollars a ton on registered vessels; one dollar and twenty-five cents, on enrolled and licensed; and fifty cents a ton on steam boats.

Burnt Trial.—Before the Mayor's Court of Albany, on Wednesday last, a young woman, named Hannah Heron, and described as well dressed, artless and interesting was arraigned, for an attempt to aid her husband (who stands convicted for passing counterfeit money) to escape from prison. The charge represented at length in the Albany Evening Journal. The jailor swore that on the evening of the 19th April, his suspicions were excited by meeting a female, who he believed to be Mrs. Heron, lingering about the jail. With a view to detect her purpose, he placed his daughter at one window, while he stood at another. He was within a few feet of the woman, and is confident she was the prisoner. It was about seven o'clock. It was bright moon-light. Mrs. Heron came frequently to the jail to see her husband, and witness knew her well. At eight, his daughter soon brought him a bundle containing a saw, a phial of aquafortis and some hard-wax, which were produced and identified in court.—The bundle also contained a note purporting to have been written by Mr. H. to her husband, stating that she had procured the articles, and hoped they would deliver the purpose.

The prisoner's counsel argued that she was acting under the coercion of her husband, and therefore not liable to a conviction. The plea was overruled by the court. On behalf of the defence, three witnesses who resided in the house with her, testified, that at the time the prisoner was said to be in the neighborhood of the prison, she was at home. The jury were out but a few minutes, and returned a verdict of *not guilty*.

MELANCHOLY.—Never did we record a more painful and shocking accident, than one which occurred recently in Huntington Township in this County. We understand a woman in that Township, was engaged in boiling soap, a few days since, and a pot of the boiling fluid falling from the crane, scalded three of her children so badly, as to cause their deaths a few hours after. If any thing could add to the pain of the mother's heart under such circumstances, it would be the fact that she was an eye witness to the particulars of the excruciating occurrence, which we understand were as follows:—Two of her children were lying upon the floor before the fire, and their mother was sitting near them with a third child, an infant, in her lap. Something about the crane gave way, and the kettle falling, one of the feet caught upon the backing, which turned it over, and threw its contents upon the floor near the two children, passing over them in one boiling wave. In a moment of fright and horror, forgetting the child she was holding, she sprang to the two upon the floor, and the third, falling from her lap, fell into the liquid, and shared the fate of the others. We understand they lingered in a most piteous and suffering condition, until the following day, when death relieved them of their agony. The afflicted mother has the deepest sympathy of her neighbors, but this can do but little to soothe the feeling excited by a loss so great, under circumstances so painful.—*Wyoming Republican.*

MONTREAL, May 16.—On Thursday last, the 10th ult. as Mr. Joseph Clarkson, Lumber merchant, was endeavoring to get his timber down the river Laquare, in the township of Rawdon, a dance in which were five men and himself, upset just on the top of what is called the grand chute—two of the men were so fortunate as to jump on a small island which was convenient. Mr. C. and the other three were in an instant swept down the dreadful cataract, and the three unfortunate men were seen no more. Mr. C. (whose intrepidity and presence of mind on the occasion was astonishing,) succeeded in keeping himself clear of the rocks and descended to the bottom without any material injury; he then by an extraordinary effort laid hold of a piece of timber and got ashore; his escape may be considered miraculous when it is understood that the water falls in this place the distance of 100 feet over tremendous rocks, and at the bottom where he laid hold of the timber, there is upwards of 20 fathoms of water. The names of the poor men who were drowned are as follows: John Matthewson, foreman, a Sotchman, George Robinson, and Thomas Dyer. Englishmen—we understand Robinson has left a wife and child to mourn his untimely fate—their bodies have not yet been found.—*Courier.*

ADVANTAGE OF RAIL-ROADS.—The Commissioners of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Rail-road, in North Carolina, make the following statement, illustrative of the advantages resulting from rail-road transportation:—"The proprietor of the Great Mills, 13 miles distant from Baltimore, (Ellicott) saves forty-five thousand dollars annually, in the transportation of his goods between his mills and Baltimore. What formerly cost him sixty thousand dollars, now costs him fifteen thousand dollars only!!"

From the Washington Globe, of May 22.

CONGRESSIONAL ANALYSIS.

In the Senate, yesterday, a great number of private bills were acted on. The bills relating to the District of Columbia, originating in the House and Senate, were severally considered, and ordered to a third reading. The bill to authorise the publication of a stereotype edition of the Laws of the United States, was taken up, and amended, so as to embrace the Treaties and a General Index.

In the House of Representatives, petitions and memorials were presented by various members. Mr. Adams said, as the expectation of the report from the Committee of Manufactures, upon the Tariff, had been suggested, it was proper to give notice to the House that the report and bill would be presented on Wednesday morning.—Mr. Polk, by unanimous consent, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Clerk of this House cause to be prepared and printed 10,000 copies of the aggregate population of each county in the several States, taken from the returns of the 5th census, as corrected at the Department of State, setting forth in separate columns, the free, the slave, and the Federal or representative population of each county.

Which was adopted.

Mr. Verplanck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, offered the following resolution, which was adopted—

Resolved, That the Secretary of War be directed to communicate to this House the regulations of the department, and the instructions to Indian agents, respecting the disbursing and accounting for the expenses of Indian Emigration.

The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, accompanied with further returns on the subject of manufactures, which were referred to the Committee on that subject.

QUEER PREDICAMENT.—A few days ago a sweep was employed to cleanse one of the chimneys of an unfinished lofty edifice, now erecting in the lower part of the city. He had lowered himself some fifty feet, when he found an obstruction to his farther descent, and the fine forbade his retreat at the top. In this direful dilemma master smutty-nose called lustily for help. Various expedients were resorted to, to disentbral him from his uncomfortable situation, by the workmen on the roof. To draw him up was impossible, and to get him down was out of the question. By means of a rope let down the chimney, his altitude was ascertained, and a hole was cut through the wall of the building, by which the little sufferer was relieved.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

The following harrowing picture of the labour of children in our manufactories was given last week by Mr. Oastler, a speaker at a meeting held at Huddersfield, to petition Parliament to restrict the hours of labour for children in mills and factories:—"Take a little captive, and I will not picture 'fiction' to you; but I will tell you what I have seen. Take a little female captive six years old; she shall rise from her bed at four o'clock in the morning of a cold winter's day; but before that, she wakes, perhaps, a half a dozen times, and says, 'Father is it time?' And at last when she gets up, she feels about in the dark for her clothes, and puts her little bits of rags upon her weary limbs, weary with the last day's work: she trudges onward through rain and snow to the mill, perhaps two miles, or at least a mile, and there, for 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, or even 18 hours she is obliged to work, with only 30 minutes' interval.—(Shame.)—The girl I am speaking of died; but she dragged on that dreadful existence for several years. Homewards again at night she would go, when she was able; but many a time she had herself in the wool in the mill, as she could not strength to go.—(Hear.)—But this is not an isolated case. I wish it were."—*London Examiner.*

BETRAYED BY A WAITER.—An incident of somewhat ludicrous nature, took place a day or two since in an auction store in Broadway. A female, in lady-like attire, entered during the sale of household wares, &c., and in a few moments, after viewing the different exposed articles, her eyes sparkled, and her heart gladdened at the appearance of a waiter, of the circumference of about eight-and-twenty inches. Her mind was immediately and actively employed in contriving, and while viewing with profound delight the different shades of coloring which adorned the plates, she was observed to heedlessly drop it up

SINGLE COPIES
of this Paper may be obtained every Saturday, at the Publication Office, and at the following places:—
. Redman's, No. 121 South Fifth street.
. Bossler's, No. 403 South Second street.
. W. Donohoe's, 100 South Second street.
. G. Auner's, No. 332 Market street.
. W. Moritz & Co. 71 Race street.
ndrach Taylor's, 284 North Second street.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, May 26, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The excerpts from K. will be published.

We have another favour—received by private hand—on our friend J. B. S. which will meet attention. The sketches of Biography, we take leave to say, are generally admired and commended.

The poetry by "F. W. H." is not entirely without merit, it will scarcely suitable for publication.

To ——, by "H. W. E" will be inserted.

Lazarus, we must decline.

Evan's Sketch of Poetry, we shall find room for shortly.

Hermann is inadmissible.

The statement furnished by "A friend to Humanity," gives the sanction of a responsible name, before we can give it publicity.

The news from France, in another column of this paper, shows that the cholera is spreading alarm and desolation wherever it appears. It has extended from Paris to most of the adjoining villages, and not exempted, in its progress, members of several eminent families. The Prime Minister, it appears, is still labouring under an attack of the disease.

For the benefit of the poor population, suffering from Cholera, a number of public buildings have been converted into hospitals, and placed under the direction of medical gentlemen, who are rewarded for their services by public subscriptions. The king, it is said, has placed at the disposal of the hospitals all the carriages of the palace, and the nobility vie with each other in similar acts of benevolence. As yet no effectual remedy appears to have been discovered by the physicians.

From England the news is unimportant. The reform bill is before Parliament on its second reading. The friends of the measure anticipate a final success, by a very small majority.

As promised in our last, we furnish with this paper, a supplement, containing the Report of Mr. Q. Adams, Esq. on the United States Bank, entire. It will be found, on perusal, an ably written document, of much interest, and well worthy of being preserved. It has elicited from the press in all sections of the country, a unanimity of approbation, rarely attending similarity reports, and highly creditable to the talents of its author.

The majority report we deem it unnecessary to publish, as its general contents are fully developed in the counter documents. It is moreover, a report so devoid of candid examination and correct reflections, and so profuse in false deductions, mean insinuations, and sophistical arguments, as to be unworthy a place. It will sink into oblivion without a single hand being stretched out to save it.

Mr. Adams' report—we quote a New York paper—does not stop with a refutation of the falsities, and the misrepresentations of the foes. It proceeds to show the immense, the inestimable value of the institution, to the commerce and the currency of the country. And after the disclosures here made of the good it has done, and yet continues to do, in granting commercial facilities; in regulating the foreign and domestic exchanges of the country, and preserving them from sudden and undue fluctuations; and by securing a sound currency for the whole Union, we cannot conceive it possible for any honest, intelligent man to doubt as to the expediency of re-chartering this important, may, we may add, this indispensable institution.

Messrs J. & W. E. Kirk, the ingenious manufacturers of anthracite ornaments, No. 22 Libra street, have just finished several new specimens of ear-drops, breast-pins, studs, &c., set in gold and filagree work, which for neatness and beauty, far excell any that we have previously witnessed. They have been deposited on sale, at McKewan's 66 Chesnut street, which place we recommend every lady to include in her morning walk. These ornaments have been strongly commended by our most respectable sellers, as being decidedly superior to any manufactured from imported jet. Their cheapness may also be mentioned as an additional recommendation.

In the Boston Court of Common Pleas, an action was recently brought by Dr. Aaron Andrew, against Joseph L. Locke, for defamation. The evidence was taken from the following words, uttered by defendant—that "Dr. Andrew doctored Mr. Dubley's wife and child, and killed them." In the evidence some curious facts were elicited, calculated but little to aid the plaintiff. One of which was that Dr. Andrew, but a short time ago was apprenticed to a blacksmith; that subsequently he went peddling; was afterwards a scissor grinder, and eventually a doctor. The jury, after a patient hearing, returned a verdict of *not guilty*.

Horrible.—The Raleigh N. C. Register of the 18th instant, says:—We stop the press to announce the perpetration of a shocking murder, in the immediate vicinity of this place, last night. About dark, as the wife of Mr. John Sugg was sitting in her own house, she was shot and instantly killed. There is no doubt that the deed was committed by a son of her husband, by a former wife, who has but recently returned after an absence of many years from this region. He immediately fled, and has not as yet been apprehended.

The murderer was so near to his victim that her head and neck are literally torn to pieces. The family lived unhappily, and no doubt the fatal deed had its origin from this cause.

A bold attempt was made on the 4th instant, to fire the Globe Coffee House, in New Orleans.—The chairs, benches, and other combustible materials in the billiard room had been piled up and ignited. A similar concentration of combustible articles were discovered in another part of the establishment, so that the incendiary, can be no other than one intimately acquainted with the house. The fire was extinguished before much injury was sustained.

The national Jackson Convention which organized at Baltimore on Monday last, nominated, by a large majority, Martin Van Buren, of New York, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. He received 208 votes. Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, received 49 votes, for the same office, and Col. R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky 26.

"THE NATION'S BULWARK."

No little amusement was afforded to our citizens on Monday, and several succeeding days of the week, by the grotesque exhibitions made by the parades of our glorious militia. The people, it seems, thoroughly disgusted with the present organization of the trainings, resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and by a display of forces, on parade days, so ridiculously caparisoned, as to excite the most unbounded mirth, so reform the opinion of our state legislature, as to make a change certain. Accordingly, at the calling of the rolls of the companies on parade, the ranks were found to be unusually well filled, not a little to the disconcertion of certain collectors, who, in a "slim parade," find sure evidence of a golden harvest in the collection of the fines.

Following the example of the good people of Gotham, who in mischievous matters are generally in the advance, they appeared in the most fantastic and absurdly arranged dresses, embracing all kinds, colors and descriptions. Every trace and relic of antiquity seemed to have been called into requisition for the occasion. There was one with Oliver Cromwell's cocked hat, containing a horse tail, so stiffened and lengthened, as to project some two or three feet perpendicularly into the air; another with buckskin breeches, manufactured centuries ago, encasing two spindle shanks, thrust into a pair of fisherman's boots, of most intimidating dimensions: a third with a laced coat, the tail of which hung within three inches of the ground; and a fourth with a brilliant yellow and red waistcoat, so short as to leave between the bottom edge, and the breeches below, a space of rather less than a foot entirely unprovided for. There were others who by their dress, much puzzled the spectator, anxious to identify the sex to which they belonged, reminding him of Petruchio's ejaculation—

"The gown! why ay—come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, lud, what masking stuff a here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber shop—
Why, what a' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

A second class of privates were distinguished by divers emblems, and paintings on their apparel. Upon the back of one we noticed a large owl, drawn with considerable skill, emblematic, we presume, of the wisdom of our rulers; another was wrapped in a canvass jacket, on which was represented certain nameless colonels, majors, and captains, discharging, with closed eyes, a cannon ball among a flock of geese; a tall, gaunt figure was encased in a newspaper coat, upon which the terrible word NULLIFICATION! was blazoned, in fearful array. Others carried banners, with all manner of uncouth and outlandish devices thereon depicted, exceedingly puzzling in the interpretation. One, however, we are informed, gave a very correct representation of the recent bloody combat at Washington, between Mr. Arnold and Major Heard.

The grand army was armed with cord wood and broom sticks for weapons, and marched through the city under the command of officers, who appeared to partake largely of the popular feeling. In one instance, as we have been credibly informed, the colonel of a regiment, and his aid-de-camp rode on the same horse; the former looking toward the ears, and the latter towards the tail of the beast.

These displays will have their intended effect. They expose the folly and ridiculous absurdity of militia trainings under the present system, and they will compel our law makers to adopt one less objectionable as regards the promotion of vice and immorality, and more efficient in promoting the objects intended.

The number of deaths in this city last week decreased to 91—40 adults and 51 children—which could number easy be cited as an evidence of the health of the city, and the absence of all epidemic diseases. Of those under the denomination of children, 34 were under one year of age. The most fatal disease appears to be convulsions, which caused the death of 8 children. Of the adults, 5 died by consumption, and 4 by mania-a-potu.

The New York City Inspector reports the death of 96 persons during the last week viz:—32 men, 17 women, 27 boys and 18 girls; of whom 40 were under five years of age—25 died of consumption.

There were, during the past week, in Baltimore, 34 deaths. Males 19—females 15—8 died of consumption, and 8 were colored persons.

The Boston Transcript, relates the following singular occurrence. A young girl, aged about nine years, daughter of Mr. Ezra Palmer, residing at No. 29 Ann street, whilst reaching out of a chamber window in the third story, to arrange a bird cage, lost her balance and fell to the ground. In her fall she struck on the shoulders of a young man who was passing at the moment, and thus happily her life was preserved. She has, however, suffered severely from contusions, broken bones and dislocations.

HAYDON'S PICTURE.

Haydon's picture of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem—a most noble production of art—is now being exhibited in the saloon of the Adelphi, in south Fifth street. It is unquestionably a work of extraordinary merit, and should be viewed by every citizen who has the least relish for the fine arts. The whole performance is finished in superior style—the figures are lively, animated, and bold; the countenances well lined and full of expression, and the groupes arranged in good order. The most casual observer will instantly accredit to the author the possession of no ordinary ability in his profession, and an intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, and their influence over the actions of the face.

The figure of the Saviour, which occupies a conspicuous place in the centre of the canvass, is happily executed. Considering the great difficulty which all artists experience in attempting to depict a correct expression of the face of Him who was at the same time the King of kings, and the man of sorrows—the inheritor of His Father's glory, and the humble teacher of a proscribed religion, we must accord to Mr. Haydon—notwithstanding his own modesty—an unequivocal award of praise. Speaking of this portion of the work, the artist says:—"Every man must tremble to describe, or attempt to represent so awful a being. The moment chosen for his expression, is one of conscious prophetic power—not when he is weeping or melancholy—not when the man of sorrows—but when moved by the furious enthusiasm of the people, to anticipate his death, and calmly, but energetically collecting his feelings to bear it. There is something sublime in the idea, that in the midst of the highest earthly triumph, surrounded by a devoted and shouting populace, he alone should 'see into the seeds of time,' and muse upon his approaching sacrifice. The enthusiasm of the people at that moment, seemed to have aroused the energetic part of his divine nature; and, though on the sight of Jerusalem, immediately after he had begun to descend the Mount of Olives, he melted into sensibility at the misery he foresaw hanging over the city; yet his telling the Pharisees, directly preceding this, that if the people were quiet, 'the very stones would cry out,' proved that he shared in some degree, the feelings he had excited."

In the foreground of the picture, on the right and left, are the figures of the good Centurion, bending before Christ in adoration, and offering up his sword and civic crown; and the Canaanitish woman, spreading her garment in the road, and looking up to the Saviour with gratitude.—These figures, it occurred to us, are represented entirely too large; the Centurion is almost of Herculean size. By the side of the woman, Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead, is lying prostrate, and immediately above, in green, are Jairus and his daughter—the latter in a kneeling posture, with her hands crossed over her bosom. Her countenance most sweetly combines gratitude and love for Him who had raised her from the bed of death.

The zealous and perhaps precipitate St. Peter, is represented with a countenance full of pleasure and anxiety, and with feelings somewhat affected by the cordial greetings of the populace of Jerusalem. Near by stands the beloved of Christ—the amiable St. John—looking into his face with enthusiastic love, and devoted attachment. His countenance is surpassingly mild, sweet, and pleasing, and betokens all the virtues for which this apostle was so justly a favorite, both with his master and his brethren.

The mother and sister of the Saviour, are represented following on the right. The countenance of the former is remarkably fair, and contrasts strongly with that of the penitent girl, immediately in advance. In the sister's face the observer will note a vivid expression of kindness and affection, not in the least tinctured with worldly pride. All these female figures are exceedingly well executed.

Mr. Haydon availing himself of an artist's license, has introduced on the extreme left of the picture, three figures, contemporaneous with the age. The first is Voltaire, sneering at the universal object of adoration, as he is entering the city; the second, Newton, gazing steadfastly, with marked admiration on his countenance; and the third, the living poet, Wordsworth, bending down with awe and veneration. The introduction of these figures, gives to the whole picture, at the first glance, a more modern appearance, than the observer is disposed to think correct.

The picture was exhibited in London and Edinburgh, in the year 1820, with unexampled success. By all capable of judging of the fine arts, it was considered a masterly performance, and that opinion must prevail here, so soon as its merits become known. We would recommend every citizen to call and view it. To the contemplative mind of the christian, it opens a wide field of pleasing and edifying reflections.

The Methodist General Conference, will, it is probable, adjourn in the course of the ensuing week, although a vast amount of business is still before it. Much of the present week has been occupied in a discussion on the General Book business, application having been made by the delegates from Canada for their portion of that establishment, to be conducted in future by themselves, on the score of greater convenience to the Methodists in that colony. The request was not, however, acceded to.

On Tuesday, the Conference went into an election for two additional Bishops. The Rev. G. O. Andrew, of Georgia, and the Rev. John Emory, of New York, were elected on the first ballot.

A resolution has passed the Conference, considerably diminishing the number of delegates which shall compose future General Conferences.

A New York paper mentions, that on Tuesday last, a block of several brick buildings, 192 feet long, was removed back, upon horizontal ways, a distance of seven feet, by means of screws, without the slightest injury. The feat was accomplished in about three hours, under the direction of Mr. Simeon Brown, civil engineer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The second number of the *Kaleidoscope, or Spirit of the Periodicals*, has just been issued from this office. The contents are of a nature calculated to be interesting and amusing to every reader, as they have been selected with the greatest care, from the best sources. The plan of the first number, which met general approbation, has been strictly pursued, except in the engravings, which are decidedly superior. The frontispiece is a beautiful *engraving on steel*, representing the Carnival of Potosi.

It is the intention of the publisher to continue the publication of this work, at regular intervals of four months. The price to subscribers is 25 cents per number. Orders and subscriptions received at this office.

The Cabinet of Natural History, for the present month, which we received during the week, has its usual quota of interesting reading matter, and two spirited engravings. The frontispiece is a representation of Fox Hunting, when the hounds are breaking cover, which is accompanied with a highly entertaining description of this absorbing sport. The other print is a colored lithograph, containing likenesses of the Blue Jay, and Ruby crowned Wren.

We have before us a new work, just published in two volumes, by Carey & Lea, entitled "Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion," an excellent sketch book of Virginia manners and scenery, interspersed with many excellent landscape pictures. A press of business has prevented us from reading the whole of the work, but the interest excited in our mind by a perusal of several chapters, authorises us to give our full assent to the following compliment, from the editor of the Baltimore Patriot—"The writer is an excellent painter, as well as a humorous observer of life and manners. In contrast with the light and humorous sketches, which, with some charming descriptive writing, compose these two agreeable volumes, is the story of Abe, a very melancholy tale, told with great vigour. We are much mistaken if the style of this author does not meet with particular commendation, as rich, racy and easy, and especially distinguished by its playfulness. It is scarcely necessary to say of a writer who discriminates his characters so perfectly, that his dialogue is eminently happy." We premise that "Swallow Barn," will be a popular work with the lovers of light reading.

The North American Arithmetic, part second, by Frederick Emerson, is the title of a school book, just published by Lincoln & Edwards, of Boston, and for sale by French & Perkins, of this city. This little work appears to be an admirable attempt to simplify a study, which to the youthful mind is peculiarly confused, intricate, and difficult of explanation. The system pursued—an improvement on the Pestilozzian—is sound and excellent; the examples are clear and familiar, and the demonstrations, so far as we have examined them, accurate. We do not hesitate to commend it to those entrusted with the education of the juvenile mind. The work, it may be well to add, has met the decided approbation of the eastern teachers.

GIRARD BANK MEETING.

A very large number of citizens assembled in the State House yard, on Tuesday last, to express publicly their disapprobation of the disreputable scenes witnessed at the Masonic Hall, during the sale of the stock for the Girard Bank. Joseph Hart Powell, Esq. was chosen chairman—Col. Isaac Sewry addressed the meeting at considerable length, reverting to the causes which gave rise to the application to the legislature for a new bank, and to the measures pursued by the members of that body in nominating commissioners. Upon those entrusted with the sale of the stock, he was particularly severe, charging them with being guilty of a "fraud" and "breach of trust," in not rendering the sale fair and open to all citizens. He averred that those only obtained stock who had had an "understanding" with the commissioners, and that had it been desired, the whole of the stock might have been taken on the first day; whereas during the three days, only about 2,000 shares were sold out of the window, the remainder, 20,000, being monopolized by the commissioners.

Col. Swift concluded by asserting that the commissioners in the Hall, had made bargains with their friends on the outside, whose hands were recognised by concerted badges, rings, &c. and by likening them to the work, who in the fable is said to have served up an entertainment to which he had invited his friends, in narrow necked bottles, thus preventing all but himself from participating.

He then offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted by acclamation.

Believing that banking institutions should be established for the public convenience and benefit, and not exclusively for individual aggrandisement, we cannot reflect without indignation upon the system of favoritism and the mercenary measures adopted by the commissioners empowered to distribute the stock of the Girard Bank. The legislative enactment was framed so loosely, that the commissioners were enabled to deprive the people of their riches, and the result has been such that we cannot resist the conviction that their sense of justice to the community has been totally lost sight of in the heaping prospect of individual gain. There is no doubt that all the stock might have been distributed among the citizens during the two first days, and yet we find, that after closing the books, and when the commissioners came to divide the residue, which both morally and legally belonged to the people,—each appropriated to himself seventy shares of the spoil, thus swelling his proportion to One Hundred and Thirty-five Shares. Was it the intention of the Legislature that they should take among themselves more than two-thirds of the entire Stock of Thirty Thousand Shares for their patriotic services? Certainly not. Yet there is but too much reason to believe that not contented with these two-thirds nearly the whole of the remaining third was distributed by some of the commissioners through favoritism or price, as they, whose duty it was to be employed in the house, were seen in the crowd trafficking with the stock, and selling their influence to procure it.

It is also of public notoriety that citizens as respectable as any in the community remained stationed at the windows for hours, calling from time to time upon the commissioners, by name, to take their money, and yet they were refused; that in some instances the money was taken and returned upon the plea of mistake as to the applicant, and it has not been questioned that in others it was unhesitatingly avowed, that unless a previous understanding had been effected with some one of the commissioners, the application would be unavailing. In view of these facts, and convinced that our rights as citizens have been outraged, that the intent of the legislature has been grossly, flagrantly perverted, and that a disgraceful farce has been acted to divert the people while a gross system of management was in progress to divest them of those advantages which the law ought to have extended to them, we feel ourselves called upon, and do thus publicly express our fervent indignation at the transaction, in order to prevent if possible those who have thus shamefully betrayed their trust, from reaping the harvest of their sordid designs. For these reasons, Therefore,

Resolved, That the Commissioners of the Girard Bank, instead of faithfully fulfilling the great public trust which was confided to them, have attempted to pervert an institution intended for the general good into a source of sordid and selfish speculation; that they have grossly violated the rights of their fellow citizens by denying to the privileges which law and justice had secured to them, and that by their illegal and unjustifiable management they have caused a shameful outrage of the peace and quiet and order for which our city has been eminently distinguished.

Resolved, That the open and palpable violation of law and sale, the utter disregard of the people's rights, the scenes of riot, confusion, and disorder, which have arisen from and characterised the proceedings of the commissioners, are sources of sincere regret and humiliation, and call loudly for such an expression of public opinion as shall not only bring home to the authors of this disgrace the odium which they merit, but shall redeem the character and redress the wrongs of an insulted and injured community.

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The territory recently ceded to the United States by the Creek Indians, lying chiefly in Alabama, is about 140 miles in length, North and South, and in breadth about 50 miles. Indians are determined not to give up the Prairie du Chien murderers.

The election in Rhode Island for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Senators to the State Legislature, has again resulted in no choice. The votes for Governor were—for Arnold, 3319; for Fenner, 2949, and for Sprague, 666.

Several attempts have been made recently to fire the city of Savannah. On Thursday night last, simultaneous attempts were made, and two buildings, and the schooner Glade, lying at Mongin's wharf, were discovered to be on fire. Fortunately the flames were extinguished, having done no great injury.

THEATRICALS.

Arch Street Theatre.—Mrs. Knight's benefit on Monday evening attracted a fashionable house. Every part was crowded to overflowing at an early hour, and many were obliged to retire, unable to express, in a more tangible way than by mere words—their high opinion of this lady's talents. The entertainments were spirited and pleasing. Mr. Foster and Mrs. Knight appeared to great advantage in the play of the Exile. A curious incident in dramatic history occurred this evening. The indisposition of Mr. Sinclair rendered it necessary to make an apology to the audience. This was offered in a very happy manner by the beneficiaire herself. Of course the audience were perfectly satisfied to hear Mr. Howard in the room of Mr. S.

On Tuesday, a new piece, written by a lady of this city, called *Washington*, was produced for Mr. Porter's benefit. A young lady of this city made her first appearance on any stage, in the character of Yeanga, an Indian boy. A friend who was present mentions that both were favorably received.

Miss Riddle, a correct and spirited actress, appeared—not without success—on Thursday evening. She is a pupil of the reward which has recently been acted out to favorite performers.

Mrs. Keppel, a very pleasing actress, and withal a good vocalist, is under an engagement.

Mr. Hackett commenced a short engagement last evening, appearing as Solomon Swap.

Conrad of Naples, we understand—in compliance with the wishes of a great number of citizens—will shortly be performed. Mr. Murdoch will appear as Conrad, to gratify those who have heretofore seen that character in other hands. His delineation of that part, when the play was first performed, is regarded by his friends as a masterly and finished performance.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the managers continue to use the most strenuous exertions to afford rational and intellectual entertainments. Certainly we have never known a management to display a more untiring assiduity in the discharge of their duties. Success attends them as the certain result of their enterprise and exertions.

Walnut Street Theatre.—The opera of Masaniello, as we predicted, has been highly successful at this house. It is beautifully got up, and the choruses are almost equal, if not superior, to those in Cinderella. Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham, in Masaniello and Fenella, clothe their parts with intense interest, and Roberts, in Guisappe, keeps his auditors constantly in good humor. Mr. Spencer is an excellent vocalist, and contributes much to the success of the music. The Market scene and chorus, in which the whole vocal talent of the company appears, is remarkably fine.

Mr. Kean concluded his engagement on Tuesday evening, by appearing in the part of Young Norval, the same character in which he made his debut before a London audience. This evening his benefit takes place, when the play of *Hermani* will be presented.

Mr. Gilbert appeared as Rolla, on Thursday evening.

At the Park Theatre, New York, on Monday, the new opera, under the name of the *Amrel*—a name familiar to the reader of Walter Scott's "Monastery,"—was produced for the first time, sustained by the entire operatic strength of the company. The music is by the first masters of the age, and has been selected with good taste. Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones sustained the principal vocal parts.

The Gladiator was brought out at Baltimore, on Tuesday night.

Mr. Stone has completed a new tragedy, "*The Ancient Briton*," in which Mr. Forrest is to sustain the principal part.

The New York Races.—The Races of the Union Course commenced on Tuesday, with the two mile heats. The course was crowded, and the day was favorable for the sport. The following are the names of the horses entered:—

Mr. Shedeker's c. h. Turk, 6 years old.....1 1
Mr. Sherman's c. h. De Witt Clinton, 6 do. 2 4
Mr. Livingston's b. f. Camilla, 4 do.....3 drawn.
Mr. Van Mater's c. c. True Blue, 4 do.....4 3
Mr. Steven's c. m. Celeste, 6 do.....5 2
Mr. Black's c. f. Richard's Girl, 4 do.....distanced.

The last started a full distance behind.

The race was won by Turk. The time is variously stated in the morning papers; one making that of the first heat 3m. 54s., and of the second 3m. 53s., and another that of the first 3m. 56s., and of the second 4 minutes. There is more consistance in the latter statement.

This day a purse of $500—four mile heats will be contended for. Before 5 o'clock last afternoon the following horses were entered:—Mr. Steven's b. m. Black Maria, 6 years old; Mr. Van Mater's b. h. General Jackson, 5 years; ——'s b. c. Uncle Sam, 4 years. Much good sport is expected.

A bill has been presented to the House of Representatives at Washington, by a Select Committee charged with the subject, designed to prevent explosions in Steamboats, and to explain the causes of such accidents. As causes, the Committee notice the faulty construction and defective material of boilers, with their wearing by too long use; carelessness and want of skill in engineers; pressure of steam above the power of the boiler, and deficiency in the supply of water. It is stated that fifty-two explosions have occurred in the United States; killing two hundred and fifty-six persons, and injuring one hundred and four.

William Newman, a boy about ten years old, was killed by a kick from a horse, on the 14th instant, near his father's residence, in Washington county, Pa.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

By an advertisement in this day's paper, it will be seen that the cars have commenced running on the Columbia Rail Road as far as Paxta, and the rails are now being rapidly extended.

The store of Messrs. Watts, Musgrave & Watts, No. 175 Market street, was broken open on Saturday or Sunday night, and robbed of a quantity of silks, and a reward of 200 dollars is offered for the apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the property.

At an alarm of fire on Friday evening, a man was run over by an engine, in Third near Shippen street, and seriously injured. He was taken to the Southwark Dispensary, where medical attendance was immediately resorted to.

A gentleman was very dangerously hurt on Monday afternoon, in the Northern Liberties, by the wheel of a cart passing over his head. He was taken immediately to the Hospital.

As much curiosity has been excited with reference to Mina, and his powers of persuasion, a well drawn lithographic likeness, by Childs & Inman, has been published of him, which shews how much, or rather how little, his looks have done for him.

The Select and Common Councils, on Monday afternoon elected Israel Cope and William S. Hassell, Guardians of the Poor for the ensuing three years.

A man named Harvey Barnes, who had lately enlisted in the U. S. service, was drowned in the basin opposite Albany on the 13th inst. He is from Philadelphia.

We learn that Capt. Fritz has made arrangements with the Philadelphia Band, to accompany him on his excursion to Boston, in June next.

The Rev. William T. Dwight, of this city, has accepted the invitation of the third Congregational Church in Portland, Me., to become its pastor.

The hat manufacturers in Newark, N. J., have had a meeting, and strongly denounced the proposed administration tariff. Similar meetings have been held in different parts of New York state.

The Doylestown Republican speaking of the warrant for the execution of Mina, says:—"As requested by the Governor, the warrant was read to the criminal directly after its reception. He listened to it with the most perfect composure, and afterwards conversed with the Sheriff in his usually cheerful manner." He is to be hung on the 31st of June.

Extraordinary Dream.—"I'm sorry your cousin Sullivan is dead: a decent man he was ever always. And now tell me, what did he die off?" "He died of a Tuesday."

By the upsetting of a boat at Pensacola, on the 2d inst., Midshipmen George M. Fowler and James Ferguson, ocean, of the U. S. Ship Erie, were drowned.

The Washington Globe of Monday says:—"Maj. Heard, who was indicted for the assault made on Mr. Arnold, has ever since been confined in close jail. A physician of eminence informed us yesterday, that he is labouring under mania a potu, and that there is great probability he will not recover from his disordered condition. He is quite deranged."

Pennsylvania is now 17,000,000 dollars in debt, and it is stated that if all the canals recommended by Gov. Wolf are finished, it will be 30,000,000 dollars.

James Cryan, a young salesman in the store of the late Mr. James Lynch, of Kingston, U. C., while selling an article to a customer, fell inst., dropped his head upon the counter and immediately expired.

A gentleman named Ross, from the interior of the state, had his arm badly broken in an attempt to procure stock at the Masonic Hall on Wednesday forenoon, by a person falling upon it from one of the window shutters, while it was protruded through the aperture to the window.

The project of cutting a ship canal across Hallet's Cove, by which vessels may avoid the dangerous navigation of the East River at Hurl Gate, is revived in the New York papers. The cost of the work is estimated at 125,000 dollars, and the nett revenue at 22 per cent. per annum on that cost.

About 1000 tons of Copper ore, yielding 10 or 20 per ct. of copper, have been raised from the Simsbury mine, in Connecticut, during the past winter.

A most tremendous and destructive hail storm passed over the country, about five miles above Trenton, on Sunday afternoon. Windows, poultry, &c., were extensively damaged.

The capital stock of the Union Bank at Dover, Morris county, N. J., has all been taken, and the institution will go into operation as soon as possible.

Some of the Western papers recommend the owners of steam boats on the Western waters, to furnish cork jackets for all the passengers on board their respective boats.

A gentleman advertises in a Charleston N. H. paper, for a wife! She must have a dimple on her cheeks or on her chin, and must be capable of receiving and reflecting the passionate rays of life, without exhibiting them in her outward appearance.

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A meeting of the principal merchants and ship-owners has been held in Boston, on the subject of the turn out among the journeymen ship carpenters and caulkers and there was received to give no employment to men who thus combined, nor to the master builders who would accede to their terms.

The territory recently ceded to the United States by the Creek Indians, lying chiefly in Alabama, is about 140 miles in length, North and South, and in breadth about 50 miles. Indians are determined not to give up the Prairie du Chien murderers.

The election in Rhode Island for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Senators to the State Legislature, has again resulted in no choice. The votes for Governor were—for Arnold, 3319; for Fenner, 2949, and for Sprague, 666.

Several attempts have been made recently to fire the city of Savannah. On Thursday night last, simultaneous attempts were made, and two buildings, and the schooner Glade, lying at Mongin's wharf, were discovered to be on fire. Fortunately the flames were extinguished, having done no great injury.

Matthias Smith, a green hand on board ship Union in a whaling voyage in 1826, has recovered $176 of Uriah Clark, one of that vessel. He (Smith) was in filling his station with far, leaving him with a paper and seizing a young Indian to do the same, for trivial offences.

The bodies of three of the unfortunate persons who were drowned in the Stony Brook, on Sunday last, have been recovered, and were interred in the Roman Catholic burying ground, in Hornsbury, N. J., on Monday. The fourth is still missing.

Washington Irving has arrived at New York, after an absence of seventeen years. Mr. Van Buren has changed his intention of embarking at Havre, and was about to proceed to Germany.

A correspondent suggests, for the consideration of readers, the expediency of calling a public meeting to organize a volunteer guard, to proceed immediately to Washington, for the protection of our Senators and Representatives in Congress from violence, during the remainder of the session.

The Woodbury, N. J. Herald of Wednesday states, that a bear, which weighed, when dressed, about two hundred pounds, was killed near Little Eaas, in that county, (Gloucester) a few days since. He was seen to visit a flock of sheep, one of which he killed, and carried to the swamp. A company of sportsman, with dogs, got upon the track, and, after a number of shots, succeeded in bringing the offender down.

ALMANAC.

1832. MAY.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
26 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	11 17	
27 Sunday,	4 43	7 17	12 7	D. S. M.
28 Monday,	4 43	7 17	12 57	
29 Tuesday,	4 42	7 18	1 34	
30 Wednesday,	4 42	7 18	2 34	First 7 3 4
31 Thursday,	4 41	7 19	3 35	Full 14 9 23
1 Friday,	4 40	7 20	4 36	Last 22 4 19
2 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	5 36	New 29 6 51

Public Meeting.—The friends of American Industry, of the city and county of Philadelphia, opposed to the reduction of Protective Duties proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, are requested to attend a public meeting at the County Court House, on Saturday, 26th inst. at half past 3 o'clock P. M.

Marines's Baptist Bethel.—The Rev. Joshua Leavitt, General Agent of the American Seamen's Friend Society, with divine permission, on Sabbath afternoon, at the Bethel in Water street above Arch, will deliver a discourse with a view to elicit the christian feelings of the good people of the Port of Philadelphia, in behalf of the moral reclamation of seamen; on this subject is of vital importance, it is hoped a goodly number will be present, who will go away fully satisfied that the temporal interest of the ocean have claims upon our sympathies. We wish to commence at 3½ o'clock.

A Sermon for Young Men.—By Divine permission, a sermon will be delivered in Crown street Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Levingston, on Sabbath evening, the 27th inst. by Rev. Dr. Cox of New York, particularly addressed to young men. The church of young men on the lower floor, are reserved for the accommodation of young men. Service to commence at 8 o'clock. ☞ The young men of this city are affectionately invited to attend to the above.

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. Dr. Mead, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. DANL. BREWTON, to ELIZABETH GODSHAW, both of Southwark.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr Parry, Mr. GEORGE WASHINGTON PECK, to Miss CATHARINE MALCOLM, daughter of the late Neil Malcolm, Esq.

On Sunday evening last, by Alderman Badger, THOS. HANSELL, to ANNA PEARSON, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. M'Auley, Mr. ADAM KETLER, of Montgomery county, to Miss MARGARET D. BALL, daughter of the late captain B. W. Ball, of this city.

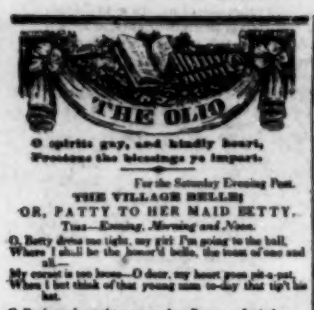
On the 14th inst. by the Rev. G. Chandler, Mr. DAVID BAXTER, to Miss JANE HARE.

On the 15th inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. EPHRAIM B. THOMPSON, to Miss MARGARET AKIN, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. in Cincinnati, Mr. TIMOTHY WALKER, of Cincinnati, to Miss ANNE L. BRYANT, formerly of this city.

On the 17th inst. by Joseph Watson, Esq. WILLIAM WHITE, Merchant, to HANNAH, daughter of Ephraim Haines, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. D



For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VILLAGE BELLES;
OR, PATTY TO HER MAID HETTY.

Time—Evening, Morning and Noon.

O, Betty dress me tight, my girl I'm going to the ball,
Where I shall be the jewel'd belle, the toast of one and all—
My corset is too loose—O dear, my heart goes pit-a-pat,
When I but think of that young man to-day that tip'd me hat.

O, I'm in such a twitter now—dear Betty am I trim?
Have my curls had enough of wange, and am I very slim.
Then I am ready for the ball—you say I'm lovely too,
So I'll take an extra kiss, sweet Bet, that kiss shall be for you.

Some changes in Morning.

Dear Betty I'm in raptures—Oh, I've seen the sweet young man,
Lord how capping, bless his heart—do, Betty, hand my fan;
Could you have seen him, how he gazed—but dont you tell my Pa,
And how he squeezed my hand—Oh dear, don't mention it to Ma.

Pa says he is a coxcomb, and Maria says I'm too bold,
But Heavens, how can my little heart be in his presence cold;
They say he's so accomplished, learn'd, and he can *parler vous*;
He is a poet, painter, and they say musician too.

I wish I could be with him now, he takes so much of love,
Last night he told me how he loved, how constant he would prove;
And then he squeezed my hand and kiss'd my lips like any saint,
And then he put his arm around—O Betty, I shall faint.

O dear, O dear, I never had such feelings, sweet and mild;
And how provoking 'tis for Ma to say I am a child;
And Pa, too, says I am too young to flutter with a beau;
I guess they don't remember when they loved each other so

Dear Betty, I shall never more be happy in this world
I wish there were no men—I'll go and have my tresses curl'd
I hope that sweet young man will call; I could not sleep a wink,
All night about his kissing me, I couldn't help but think.

Lord, Betty, he's so rich, and sports his coach and ponies four,
I saw him drive by yesterday, as I stood in the door;
They say he's from the New York State, in England, I suppose;
And when I'm lady B., my Bet, you shall have all my clothes.

I'll go and rig myself—he said he would be here to night,
I wouldn't for the world he should behold me in this plight;
O dear, O dear, that coach and four is driving through my brain,
I never shall be happy, no I never shall again.

Some changes to Noon.

O Lord! O Lord! I am undone, O Betty I am sad.
Was any ever treated so—Ma says she is right glad;
I never shall get married—O, what shall I do, I vow,
They say the man I kissed last night, has two wives living now!

What shall I do, what shall I do—was ever maid so cursed,
Undo my corsets quick—O dear, I haven't told the worst,
They say that pretty man to day was taken, on the word
Of several witnesses that he'd just married a third.

MILFORD BARD.

How to be safe.—"Doctor," said a patient about five years ago, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill health had obliged him to consult, "Doctor, do you think that a little spirits, now and then, would hurt me very much?"—"Why, no, sir," answered the doctor, deliberately, "I don't know that a little—now and then—would hurt you very much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

Good Taste.—Humboldt, in his personal narrative, says as late as the thirteenth century, the practice of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society in Egypt. Physicians in particular were esteemed a great dainty. "They were called for by persons who pretended to be sick, but who were only hungry, and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured." How exceedingly pleasant the idea of eating a modern doctor!

Election anecdote.—At an election some years since, a wealthy ship owner, in a flourishing seaport town of Massachusetts, accosted a mechanic, and asked him to which candidate he should give his vote? The man replied, 'I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry.' 'Then,' said the other 'I'll be d——d if you shall have any more work from me.' The mechanic being of an independent spirit, in easy circumstances, and not caring to barter his principles for a *job*, coolly enquired of the ship-owner, to whom he should give his vote? 'To his excellency Christopher Gore,' was the reply. 'Then,' said the mechanic, 'I'll be d——d if I do any more work for you.'

March of Refinement.—A well-known confectioner at Cambridge was lately requested by an equally well-known bootmaker in the same town, to send him some ice, as he was going to give a party. The confectioner returned the following laconic reply.—"Mr. L——never freezes for snobs!"

The plan of ennobling men merely to get votes out of them, as men make pumps to get water out of them, is so much ridiculed in England, that it is said the Minister has serious difficulties in making out a list of flexible materials. A pretty good hit was made on this head by a tory nobleman: Lord Carnarvon was standing at the window of Brookes's, with the Marquis of Landsdown, when the latter exclaimed, "what are the mob chasing that fellow without a coat for?" "I believe," said Lord C., "he is afraid of being caught and made a peer."

Singular Epitaph.—The following singular epitaph, written in the punning and pragmatical reign of James I, was lately, if not still, to be seen in Hadleigh churchyard:

The charnall mounted on the w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron plain domestic
In care and pains continu
Not slow, nor gay, nor prodig all.
Yet neighborly and hospit
Her children seven yet living
Her 67th year did c
To rest her body natur
I hopes to live spiritu

Ellen, the wife of Robert Resom, late Alderman of this town, ob. Jan. 20, 1620.

Frauds.—Wm. Claggett, of Portsmouth, N. H., writes to the New-England Farmer:—It is the general practice in England, to graft the peach upon the plum stock; such ought to be the practice here—good reasons may be assigned. The plum tree is more hardy than the peach, will live twenty or thirty years, and is not so liable to be destroyed by worms at the root. It is said that peach trees grafted upon plum stocks will flourish thirty years, and are not so easily affected by our severe winters. If the latter remark be correct, and for the other reasons assigned, I advise all farmers disposed to cultivate this delicious fruit, to insert the peach scion upon the plum stock; some prefer budding—the experiment, should it fail, would cost but little. Peach trees ought not to be pruned at all, after the tree is well formed, or suffered to grow very high. Ashes round the roots are useful as manure, and to guard against worms. In this country I believe fruit trees generally are supposed to grow too high; they are more liable to be injured by severe and cold winds. The tops should be bent down and confined, or cut off, while the trees are young. This, I understand, is the common practice in the fruit gardens of England.

Planting Corn.—I have for several years been in the practice of sowing my wheat fields early in the spring with timothy and clover seed; and the next season I have ploughed the ground as late in the spring as would answer for planting corn. By this time the grass would be like a meadow; and on examining the soil, I found it very much filled with the roots of the grass, which kept it unusually light and mellow, and always productive. The result of these experiments induced me to sow my cornfield with grass seed, the present season, after hoeing the last time. This does not appear to have injured the corn; and I have no doubt but the field will be well clothed with grass by the time for fallowing next year. Having full confidence in the utility of these practices, I am induced to invite farmers to try the experiment.—*Skaneateles Co.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SERVAL.

The Serval is an animal much resembling the lynx in form, but smaller; the ears are also destitute of that tuft of hair, so conspicuous at the lip in the lynx, and the tail is, comparatively to the general size of the animal, rather smaller. The specimen described by the French Academicians, measured two feet and a half from the nose to the tail, and the latter was eight inches long. The color on the head, back, and sides, is fawn color; the throat, belly, and insides of the legs white, and the whole surface is covered with small, but very distinct spots of black, which are disposed in rows, like the spots on the panther, but irregularly. As in the lynx, the head is large, the feet also are strong and thick, and the eyes brilliant.

The Serval inhabits the mountainous parts of India and Thibet, where it resides chiefly among trees, from which it rarely descends; but, feeding on birds, pursues them by leaping among the branches, or from one tree to another. In its disposition it is extremely fierce; but avoids mankind, unless provoked, when it darts furiously upon the offender, and tears and bites in the same manner as the panther.

THE PERSIAN LYNX.

The Caracal or Persian Lynx, resembles the common lynx in figure and aspect, and nearly corresponds in size, or differs from that animal in not being spotted; its hair is rougher, and its color dissimilar; the tail longer, and of an uniform color, with the rest of the body; its face is of a more lengthened form, and its disposition more ferocious. The species inhabits only the warmer climates, and is common in Persia, India, Barbary, and other parts of Asia and Africa. In the Persian language it is called *syah-gush*, and in the Turkish, *karrah-kulak*, both which signify the cat with black ears. The Caracal is said to follow the lion, and to feed on the remains which that animal leaves of its prey, and for this reason it is called among the Arabs the *lion's guide*. Its height is about that of the common fox, but is stronger and more robust; and Dr. Charleton mentions one which killed a hound, and tore it instantly to pieces, notwithstanding the vigorous defence of the latter.

This animal, though tamed with extreme difficulty, when taken young, and reared with great caution, may be trained for the chase. It is employed with success in the pursuit of the smaller tribes of quadrupeds, but, it is said, whenever it meets with one that is superior to it in strength, that it loses its courage, and gives up the chase. Herons, cranes, pelicans, peacocks, and others of the larger kinds of birds, it takes by surprise, and overcomes with singular address. When it has seized its prey, it holds it fast in its mouth, and lies upon it some time motionless.

THE SALTED PUDDING.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

I had been journeying all day with my merry old friend, Uncle Jacob, as every one calls him, and both of us had become completely "jogg'd out." At length we came to a public house, having the sign of the golden ball. "Here," said my droll companion, "we shall find small potatoes or I lose my guess, for I never had any great opinion of these pumpkin taverns. But, fatigued as we were, indifferent accommodations would be acceptable, rather than to push on farther.—So, after seeing to our beast, which was pretty well provided for, we called for refreshment for ourselves. We soon found that Uncle Jacob's guessing was not far out of the way, for all the house seemed to be in a state of dishabille. "All slatterns and shiftless," said he, as he passed from the bar room to the kitchen, reconnoitering. They promised to pick us up something to stay our stomachs. If was Saturday evening, and the landlady had commenced the work of making hasty-pudding, according to the New England custom. As my companion and I were seated by the bar-room fire, a stout, strapping wench, not the sweetest and most delicate in all the world, brought in a dish of hashed meat, and placing it upon the hearth, left it uncovered. There was a great bull-dog in one corner and three cats in the other. Jowler scented the savoury morsel, and made for the dish. I was about to drive him off, but Uncle Jacob, shaking his head significantly, pushed me back. So the dog commenced operations and soon finished the work, licking the platter clean. Uncle Jacob watched him attentively all the while, and when he had done his meal, he went to the kitchen door, and, all grave as a presbyterian, he addressed the lady: "Madam, the dog has done, and I suppose it is our turn next?" There was a most terrible hurly burly in the family; and father and mother and daughter were all by the ears! The canine gentleman had disposed of all their fresh meat, and by way of aiding his digestion, Dolly had made him feel the force of one of her ponderous boots, and sent him headlong out doors. To ease the matter and comfort our poor hostess, we told her that we could sit down with the family, if she pleased, to a dish of hasty-pudding, which was a favorite of both.

Fondly now I waited the enjoyment of this charming Yankee repast. Uncle Jacob, however, was not at all satisfied with the slovenly appearance about the house, and though now in no fear of the dog, he chose to take a peep into the kitchen, lest all would not go on in so cleanly a style, as our own worthy grandmothers were wont to have it. "John," said the landlady to the boy, "I'm going to run over to Mr. Darby's a minute. Tell Dolly to remember to salt the pudding." But John heard only the three last words, and so administered the salt himself.—Next came Dolly, intent on seeing the cookery well attended to, and gave it another seasoning. By and by the mother returned, and the family being all out, concluded nothing had been done as she directed, and so she dashed in another handful, and giving it a hasty stir, went up stairs. Presently the old man came bolting in from the stable. He stood enjoying the smoking mush for a minute and muttered over to himself, "I'll bet a goose there's no salt in it;" and then going to the salt box he took a fist full and shook it into the pudding. "Our turn next," exclaimed Uncle Jacob, as the landlord passed into the bar room, and in went the fifth handful!

Now, reader, behold us all around the old pine table, with each a bowl of milk and a pan of hominy foaming in the centre! All but the rogue Jacob, anticipated a charming feast. The landlord took the lead. He made out to gobble down one spoonful, when as soon as his throat was at liberty, he dashed his spoon upon the table with violence, and vociferated aloud, "In the name of Lot's wife, Cape Cod, and Turk's Island, what have we got here? Who salted the pudden, Dorcas?" "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Blaney? It was I that salted it." "Why mother," says Dolly, "it was I that salted the pudden!"—"Well, I know granny told me to salt it, and so I did, by jinks," said the boy. "Gallows take it," cried the old man, "did all salt the pudden?"—What a pother is here! I was determined the business should not be neglected, and so I chucked in a handful." "And I too," said Uncle Jacob, "supposing it to be the custom of the family, followed suit." "O, Flanders and flammation," ejaculated our host, what shall be done now?"—I really felt a sympathy for the disappointed people, and determined to get rid of as much trouble as possible, so I called for the bread and cheese, and with this we made out a tolerable supper, washing it down with small beer. I undertook to scold Uncle Jacob, after we retired to lodgings, for carrying his fun to such a pitch; but it was to no purpose. I was determined to eat none of their flummery," said he, "and was glad to experience the truth of the old adage, that too many cooks will spoil the broth."—*Old Colony Memorial.*

Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.

From the New England Farmer.

CORK TREE.

It may not be known to all that the Cork tree is a variety of the oak, (*Quercus suber.*) This tree is indigenous, or at least abundant in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the states of Barbary. It would be a most important acquisition to the United States. In the opinion of Michaux, it will thrive wherever the live oak subsists; the soil of the *pine barrens* would in general be too meagre to sustain its vegetation. The inhabitants of the Southern States and the neighboring islands, would probably find it advantageous to rear it in such parts of their plantations, as are unfit for the cultivation of cotton. The bark of the Cork oak could be transported to the Northern States, or made into corks on the spot, and thus become a great article of commerce. It is computed that 120 millions of corks are annually used in France; 2500 tons of cork were imported into Great Britain in 1827. I have no means of ascertaining the amount of cork imported into this country.

The tree grows to the height of 30 to 40 feet, and two to three feet in diameter, with evergreen leaves, though the greater part of them fall, and are renewed in the spring; the wood is hard, compact, and heavy, though rather less durable than many other kinds of oak, its great value being its bark. Cork is the bark which the tree pushes outwards, as is common to all trees, but in this case the bark is of larger quantity, and is more speedily renewed, when removed. There is a *liber*, or inner bark, below it, and from this the cork is renewed in the course of a few years, while the tree is said to live long, and to grow more vigorously, than if the cork were not removed. The cork is first taken off when the tree is about 15 years old; the bark is then thin, hard, full of fissures, and consequently of little value, and is used by fishermen to buoy up their nets, &c. The second crop is also inferior. After this the operation is repeated once in 8 or 10 years, the produce being greater in quantity, and superior in quality, each successive time.—Duhamel says a cork tree thus barked, will live 150 years.

The bark is removed in July and August, being slit with a knife in a perpendicular direction, from the top to the bottom, with two incisions across, one near the top and the other near the bottom of the trunk. For the purpose of stripping off the bark, a knife with a wedge-shaped handle at each end is used.—After the incision is made, the bark is beaten to detach it from the *liber*; it is then lifted up by introducing the wedge-shaped handle, taking care to leave sufficient of the inner lamina upon the wood, without which precaution the tree would die.—The bark being thus removed, is divided into convenient lengths, then flattened and slightly charred to contract the pores. This substance is the rough cork of commerce; and is then fit to be cut into floats, stoppers, shoe-soles, and other articles for domestic use. The cork of the best quality is firm, elastic, and of a slight red color.

Fresh acorns of the cork tree, for planting in the United States, could no doubt be easily obtained by some of our Horticultural Societies, or by public spirited individuals, through the agency of U. S. Consuls in Europe, who would take an interest in procuring the true sort, and having them packed in sand to insure their vegitation.

HORTICULTURE.

First Prize Essay, Horticultural Division.

THE FLOWER GARDEN, FRUIT, &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

But the south border, on an east and west line, under the north side of a high wall or board fence is not less important. Many of our finest native flowers perish when taken from the forest and exposed to the sun; and several *exotics* are not more able to support the heat. Last season we had a deep trench cut three feet wide, and then filled with vegetable earth and rich loam. We consider it more valuable than any equal portion of the open garden. Here seeds may be sown, which are so fine as only to bear a slight covering of earth, but which yet require to be kept moist, and from which the young plants are so small and tender as to perish in hot sunshine; and here slips and cuttings may be rooted, which would irrecoverably wither beyond its shade.

Such a border, screened from the sun in the hotter part of the day, will remain moist when the open garden is suffering from drought. But many plants require the full heat of summer as well as moisture. For those we have a wide border trenched two feet deep, into which rich loam and much vegetable matter were thrown in alternate layers, but which do not quite rise to the common surface, and into this is laid all the surplus of the garden in rainy weather. We have no fountain, and this was adopted as a substitute. In winter the snow settles more on this low part, and the frost penetrates but little below the surface.

There are also plants of the hills which are very desirable; and in a level garden, an artificial mound may be constructed at small expense. For such plants require a sandy soil, and the common garden is clayey loam, may raise a border on the common surface, ten or twelve inches high, composed of yellow pit sand (not free from clay) and vegetable earth from the woods. The labor is trifling, and notwithstanding the prejudice against "carting in dead sand," our own experience has shown that it forms one of the finest of factitious soils.

As a summary, some ornamental plants do best on a raised border; others on the common level; and a third class below the common level. Some require the full blaze of the summer sun; which, not only bears, but shade approaching to twilight. Attention to these hints by the florist would save hundreds of fine plants.

No inconsiderable part of the skill of the regular gardener, relates to multiplying plants so as to increase too slowly if left to the unassisted operations of nature; and to obtain cates of particular kinds are very desirable to every proprietor, either for himself or for others, we offer the following notices.

Last year we took *scales* from the roots of the *pompassian lily*, the *double white lily*, and the *spotted white lily*, about midsummer, and set them in a box of vegetable earth which was shaded, and in dry weather watered. In autumn, almost every scale had formed a small bulb, where the end of the scale had been; and some of the bulbs from the more new plants had even at that time produced single leaves. This spring some are already in four leaves. We hope that by this method *Lilium japonicum*, *L. speciale* and some others may soon be so much increased as to be offering for sale or exchange.

The seeds of the *oriental poppy*† rarely vegetate, but small bits of the root separated in autumn, produce leaves in spring. We have now thirty thriving plants from the fragments of one plant which was taken up last season.—

* *Carting in dead sand.* These who are constrained by local situation to lay out their gardens in heavy clayey soils, will use the greatest economy in "carting in dead sand." Every independent farmer can afford to have so small a spot in the best condition, as there will soon be a balance in his favor, exclusively on the score of labor; for carting in sand is a labor saving operation. When heavy rains are succeeded by drought, tenacious soils contract, forming numerous cracks; and unless manure has been liberally applied, and the rain water has been prevented from standing on the ground, these cracks will be deep, and one of two things will follow—the soil must be immediately reduced into fine particles *like sand*, to fill up these cracks, or many plants, if delicate, will perish, and if vigorous, will be checked in their growth. Now the difference of labor, between performing this operation in a stiff clay, or on a soft sand is more than five to one. If the farmer is particularly busy at such a time, and no weeds are coming the part of robbers among his plants, in a sandy border, the labor may be safely postponed for many days. Or if he think the dressing must be given, it may be done in little time.

There is another item in this account of some magnitude, whether the proprietor handles his own hoe or not. No man will chop seasoned hickory with the same ease that he drives an axe into softer wood. No man will hoe an indurated clay for the same wages (if his choice is free) that he would be willing to work for, in a mellow soil. If we labor to increase our comforts, then "cart in dead sand," that we may labor comfortably.

In some calcareous clays, (on the authority of Horace Hills, merchant of Auburn, N. Y.) mud in moderate quantities has been found to render the soil still harder. This difficulty may be *profitably* removed by a free use of vegetable soil from the woods, and of leached ashes. In many interior parts of our country, the latter has been chosen from the asheries into huge piles, which are not used except in wetting roads, and may be had almost in any quantity. A farmer in more unfavorable situations, however, may find enough for his garden. Its chief use is to change the constitution of the soil; and with this view we have very advantageously applied it at the rate of more than three hundred cart loads to the acre. It was *most ardently* united with the soil by many ploughings, without which, success would be doubtful. The fine charcoal mixed through all wood ashes, is a most valuable ingredient; and much might be procured from coal pits and smith shops, where it lies entirely neglected.

This season (1831) we have raised turnips on a heavy calcareous loam, ameliorated by a top dressing of sand, some muck, and some ashes—and the product has been at the rate of nearly eight hundred bushels to the acre. These were very fair, when in the adjoining ground *not sanded*, the turnips were very inferior, and much infested by worms.

† *The oriental poppy.* *Mechanical injury* has been successfully employed by horticulturists on some particular plants, to excite a preternatural effort in the production of new shoots. This method of increasing plants may be greatly extended.

A wild plum tree had stood many years in the fruit garden, and suckers, except near the tree, had not been observed. Last spring it was cut down, and a most plentiful crop of young shoots encircled the stump, many of them at the distance of several yards.

A similar result is constantly observed on felling the coffee tree (*Gymnocladus canadensis.*) A plant of Burlese (*Anchusa officinalis*) had unobtrusively occupied a site in the border, but its place was wanted. After removal, all the fragments of its roots which remained in the ground started into new plants, and one season has not proved sufficient for their extirpation.

The roots of oriental poppy have been nearly as productive of new plants; and minute divisions may probably be successfully made of the Caucasian poppy (*Papaver bracteatum*; which is now under experiment. The destruction of the stem in Adam's thread (*Nemophila*) is successful by reckoning

Similar success has attended roots of *Paonia tenuifolia*; and other new kinds of *Paonia* may also be increased in this manner, although roots of *Paonia paradoxa* remained one year in the ground before new stalks appeared.

We mention another method, on account of its probable application to many other plants. Late in autumn, a *Polemonium caeruleum* was covered with light earth. On removing this earth in spring, we found eight stolonized stems, two or three inches long, in an intermediate state between stem and root; and wishing to increase the plant, we separated and set them out in our shaded south border. Each has now become a thrifty plant.

We have not room to give, as we originally intended, a list of ornamental plants, suitable for the garden of an independent farmer—hardy, vigorous, and beautiful; and we close our essay with a remark on the culture of melons.

We have never failed in the most unfavorable summers to grow good melons on a sandy soil; while on rich but heavy loams, our success has been uncertain. The reason is, the roots of these plants require a loose soil from which the water, in continued rains, can freely pass off. Some, who cultivate heavy loams, place their main dependence for a melon crop on *pads* which are made to entirely the bed, and which become very porous as the fibrous roots of the grass decay. In a heavy loam, however, we have practised the following method: having formed a trench by the plough and shovel, not less than eighteen inches deep, we threw in fine brush and old stalks, which were near and abundant. On these were laid sods, chip manure, and on the latter more sods, till the whole was covered. Pit-and vegetable earth were had in equal portions adding fine manure from the barn yard, and some ashes, we to form a full rounded surface between the two banks on the sides of the trench. We expect that this bed will answer the purpose intended for many years.*

* *An artificial melon bed.* We have been very successful in growing melons on this bed in 1831, when several good horticulturists have entirely failed on common heavy soils. This season has been very wet.

Alum in Toothach.—Dr. Kuhn asserts that alum, finely powdered, not only relieves the toothach, but arrests the progress of caries in the tooth. One or two grains are to be inserted in the cavity of the tooth, and be repeated when the pain returns. In a short time the pain will cease to recur, and the chemical action which constitutes the caries will cease.

No woman hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

Dr. J. G. Keyser's,

AND the only Genuine Universal Plaster. In recommending this article to the attention of the public the proprietor is influenced more by a confidence in its efficacy and of the benefits which would arise from a more extended knowledge of its virtues, than by any motives of private emolument. For the last thirty years its use has been marked by the most decided success, both in this country and in Germany, but like many other valuable medicines its name has of late been prostituted by spurious imitations, and impudent counterfeits have dared to impose their trash upon the public, clothed in the stolen reputation of the genuine article, and thus have thrown a stigma upon its character which can only be removed by a public notice of the fraud.

It would be a vain attempt here to notice the many and peculiar virtues of this application. It is enough to say that it is unrivalled for mans implies a Universal Plaster, and that no case of external injury is to be too devoid of benefit. A few however of the more common uses to which it is applied, it may be proper to mention.

1st. As a remedy for cores it stands unrivalled; a few applications at once removing the excrescence and the predisposition to its return.

2d. In chronic and also in inveterate Rheumatism, it has often effected a cure after all internal remedies had proved unavailing.

3d. In old and ill-conditioned ulcers its use is of the first importance, destroying the callous edges and promoting healthy granulation.

4th. For a sore breast it is the best article to which resort can be had, either to disperse the swelling, or to promote suppuration when the abscess has already burst.

5th. As a remedy for piles, it is equally efficacious and would hold it in very officious. Also, for some varieties of tetter and many other cutaneous diseases.

6th. Supervening upon pleurisy, there is frequently a dull aching sensation in the neighborhood of the side affected, and which sometimes long after the disease appears to be entirely extinguished. By applying this plaster, and renewing it occasionally, the harrassing sensation above alluded to may be entirely removed.

7th. The painful affection called felon, finds in this plaster its best remedy.

8th. In cases of chilblains or frost bitten limbs its application gives permanent and immediate relief.

9th. It is also the best strengthening plaster to remove pains in the back or loins.

The above catalogue might be swelled to an almost indefinite extent, but the chief object of this notice being to caution the public against the impositions practised by pretend Universal Plasters, it will only be necessary to add that no article purporting to be the Universal Plaster is genuine unless it has the name of Dr. Keyser, Dr. J. G. Keyser, on the box, with the place of business, &c. and also the same on the accompanying directions—both German and English directions can accompany each box if requested.

It may be purchased at his Drug and Medical Store, North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or at his warehouse Poplar Lane, Philadelphia, and of the following Druggists—

E. L. Griffith, N. E. corner of Green and Fourth streets, W. P. Dickinson, Fourth above Green, Wm. Lyons, Fourth above Noble, North Third street, Edward B. Garrigues, N. W. corner Sixth and Market streets, Wm. N. Allen, N. E. corner Fourth and Pine streets, Wm. Ross, Second above Spruce, Jos. Lee, Second above Pine, Wm. Lee, Second above Lombard, Thomas Evans, N. E. corner Third and Spruce streets, R. D. Johnson & J. P. Tupper, No. 100 Market street, Jos. Lee, Second above Lombard, and Shippen street, C. E. Myers, N. W. corner Fourth and Pine streets, S. Ferriter, N. E. corner Fifth and Christian streets, Thomas Cornell, N. E. corner Fifth and South streets.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed to those who purchase by the gross or dozen. apr. 28—eoftmo.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

WE are now going at 279 Market street, above Eighth.

Dry Goods 20 per cent. cheaper than can be bought in the city, either wholesale or retail.

50 pieces of super 4-4 heavy changeable Lutestrings, only 37½
Super colored Gro de Naps, only 25
Rich figured do do do do 25
4-4 real Italian Lutestring, only 50 cents and worth 75
Ladies' fashionable colors, slightly stained, only 37½
Very quality Gro de Naps, only 25
100 pieces 6-4 rich curtain muslins, 31
Super super do do do 31
Large assortment of 4-4 5-4 6-4 bobbinet, 31
Fine 6-4 Cambric muslin, only 19
White ground French chintz, 19½
4-4 Brown linen diaper, 12½
First quality black Gro de Naps, only 37½
Wrought Point lace scarfs, only 37½
Men's superfine linen shirt collars, only 10
Ploughboard wool bobbinet lace, 31
Tambour muslins worth $3 50 per piece, only $2 00
Large assortment of white 4-4 5-4 and 6-4 crape shawls at a very reduced price.
4-4 fancy silks, 31
Infant's caps, 6¼
Also, a large assortment of travelling baskets at half price.
Also, a large assortment of Indian Baskets, only $1 00
A large and general assortment of dry goods. may 19—3t*

The Indian Extract

FOR changing red, light, or grey hair to a beautiful black or brown, without injury to its texture or staining the skin.

This excellent preparation differs entirely from the various articles hitherto used for the same purpose, as for instance, the Famous Essence of Tyre, which is merely a solution of Lunar Caustic and consequently does its work, as well as indelibly staining the skin. The Indian Extract, on the contrary, not only renders the hair and promotes its growth and beauty. In five or six weeks it will have a gradual effect, but if applied twice a day for a fortnight, or applied at night, the change will have taken place by morning, every shade of colour from a light brown to a beautiful jet black, may easily be produced by following the directions accompanying each bottle, to persons who are becoming grey, or are already so; this article is a complete remedy. Gentlemen who have been troubled with whiskers can in a few hours make them as black as ebony. In order that there may be no mistake, the money will be refunded if the article on a fair trial (one bottle does not effect the desired purpose.

Price $1 50 per bottle. Sold only in Philadelphia, by

J. W. GLENN

may 19—3w No. 86 South 3d st. four doors above Walnut

A new System of Penmanship.

TAUGHT at No. 85 North Fifth street, between Race and Vine. This system possesses advantages over most others for ease and rapidity, the pupil may write completely straight without ruling; the system has been highly recommended by some eminent professors. This elegant accomplishment may be acquired in a few lessons; but the subscriber is speaking by experience that all persons have not talents alike, and wishing to give general satisfaction, the course of instruction will consist of 30 lessons. If any should not succeed in acquiring a good hand after passing through the general course of instruction, they may remain until they are satisfied, and no further charge will be made. For particulars apply as above.

may 19—3t* J. WEBB.

Patent Fly Net

FOR CARRIAGE, GIG OR SADDLE HORSES.

THE subscriber having obtained Letters Patent, granted by the President of the United States, for the manufacture and vending of the above useful article, begs leave to inform the public that he has them now for sale, at his Coach Lace, Fringe and Military Store in this city.

The above improved Patent Fly Net is manufactured of various colors, to suit other Patent Boots will be found superior, and which for beauty, durability and convenience, exceeds every thing of the kind heretofore offered to the public.—

Apply to HENRY KORN

No. 22 North Third street.

N. B. All persons are hereby cautioned against infringing on the above patent right. may 19—3mo

Abraham Hancker,

COPPERPLATE PRINTER,

No. 52, South Fifth Street, below Walnut.

Portraits, Views, Bank Notes, Maps, Visiting Cards, Bills of Exchange, &c. neatly executed. april 28—1y

The Study of Book-Keeping,

BY DOUBLE-ENTRY AND SINGLE-ENTRY.

C. MARSH will commence teaching in this city early in the month of June, and will continue here only to give one full course of instruction; he therefore respectfully requests of those interested an early attention. Applicants who will pass their names through the door of his room shall be informed immediately on Mr. Marsh's return. The course of instruction embraces examples extending into every department of commerce, regularly connected, and forming six months' partnership business, which is taken practically by the student into account of the most approved forms. The students become familiar with every book; with opening accounts with adjusting complicated Accounts; with the trial of Balance; with the Balance Sheet; and with Closing Accounts.

The routine through which the student passes, is believed to anticipate the difficulties which may occur in the practice of Book keeping, and to endow him with no small degree of experience.

No. 32 South Fourth street, near Chesnut, second door, up stairs. may 19—3t.

A CARD.

MR. BRISTOW respectfully begs leave to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia, in apology for refusing numerous applications for a course of instruction in his System of Penmanship, that his positive engagement in another State compels him to leave this city earlier than he at first contemplated. He regrets exceedingly that he is unable to gratify the urgent solicitations of his friends and patrons to remain a few weeks longer; but has the satisfaction of informing them that he *WILL RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA IN FOUR MONTHS* from this time, when he will be happy to receive the visits of all who may be desirous of acquiring in Twelve easy Lessons, (that is in as short a time as possible with reason,) a beautiful, bold, and expeditious system of writing.

Mr. BRISTOW, in taking leave of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Philadelphia for a brief period, feels bound to say, that the extensive encouragement he has received during his residence among them, has been extremely flattering, and that he will long retain the remembrance of their kindness and favor. may 19—4t

Emmitsburg Property.

I WILL sell the property recently occupied by me; the improvements are a two story brick house, containing seven rooms, one pantry and kitchen, cookie house, carriage house, stabling, &c. all in good order. Terms will be accommodating.

apr. 7—tf JOSEPH BAUGHER.

Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider.

JOHN RUHLMAN, No. 16 Franklin Place, continues to bottle Porter, Ale and Cider, of the first quality, for home consumption and exportation. March 24—3m

Spring Goods.

J. FAUSSET, No. 25 South Second Street, has just received, and now offers for sale, a large assortment of goods adapted to the present season, among which are—

New style French chintzes and painted muslins,
Bernacie shawls and handkerchiefs,
Embroidered thibet do.
Blond gauze, veils, &c. which will be sold at the lowest prices
Also, black bombazeens, double and single width, black crape veils, and blue and jet black crapes. april 14—tf

MIERS BUSCH,

MANUFACTURER OF BRUSHES,

Of every Description,

No. 20 NORTH THIRD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

N. B. For sale, a quantity of first quality shoemaker's bristles; also, superior bristles for stock makers. jun 29—1y

P. Armbrusier's

WHOLESALE and retail Brush Manufactory, No. 228, Second street, below Spruce, (one door below Cedar-hill street.) Philadelphia. Where a large and general assortment of all kinds of BRUSHES may be had at the lowest prices for cash or acceptances. N. B. The highest price given for country brushes. march 24—3mo*

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs,

Oils, Paints, Glass, &c. &c.

THE subscribers have recently opened a wholesale and retail store, at the corner of Fifth and Minor streets, between Market and Chesnut, Philadelphia, where a general assortment of the above articles, of good quality, will be constantly kept on hand. They have also made arrangements for collecting, and pressing, in neat packages, medicinal and culinary herbs, both indigenous and exotic, which they intend dispensing of upon reasonable terms. HARLAN & SIDDALL.

N. B. Persons well acquainted with, and disposed to collect herbs, may make advantageous engagements for the coming season, by early application. april 7—3mo

India Rubber Shoes,

MANUFACTURED with Leather Soles, and lined with the Flannel, and designed to wear next the stocking, similar to those exhibited at the Franklin Institute, constantly on hand, or manufactured to order.

S. D. BREED,

nov 19—tf No. 6 North Sixth street.

Ribbons, &c.

C. M'KARAHER will continue to open new goods during the Spring, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at his RIBBON, SILK, and FANCY STORE, No. 67 north Second street, opposite Christ Church, and will be thankful for a call from his friends and customers. march 19—tf

Cologne Water of Superior Quality.

PREPARED after the original FARINA recipe, which must therefore be equal to the genuine article imported direct from Cologne; all ingredients are warranted to be of the first quality. For sale at No. 244 Race street, one door above Seventh. march 19—3m

Lawrenceville High School

WILL open on Summer Session on the 20th inst. Instruction will be given as usual, in the several departments, for Ancient Languages, the French and German, Mathematics, and French, Spanish and German.

IRA C. W. BROWN,
ALEX. H. PHILLIPS, } Principals.

Lawrence, April 23, 1832.

References—John A. Brown, Sam'l F. Smith, Thos. Earp, George Ashmead, Jos. C. Smith, Samuel Grant, George W. Fahnestock, James Field, James S. Spencer, Wm. Sheppherds, Esquires. may 5—4t.

Steam Mill.—Flour, Feed & Plaster.

COGGINS & MIDDLETON respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they are now prepared, at the Penn Township Steam Mill, north east corner of Coles street and 10th streets, to furnish Wheat and Rye Flour, made from the best selected Grain, and warranted good—likewise, Horse Feed, of all the various kinds, stronged to market, in large or small quantities, and sent to any part of the city.

Also, calcined and land plaster, constantly on hand.

Those who feel disposed to favor them with their orders will find it their interest to call, as they will be supplied at reasonable prices, and their orders attended to with promptitude.

N. B. Grain wanted at the above place. may 19—3m

Dr. Davis'

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS for indigestion and disordered state of the stomach.

BARNETT'S remedy for the Piles: a superior article for the complaint.

SMITH'S FRENCH tooth powder: a valuable article for cleaning and preserving the teeth.

Other articles can be recommended by very many who tried them. *Sold by appointment,*

JOHN HARTS,

Drug and Chemical Store, No. 16 South Second st.

Also, also just received, Indian vegetable powders, together with a general assortment of genuine medicines.

may 19—3m

Just Published,

AND for sale by ISAAC T. HOPPER, No. 308 Pearl street, New York. A "*Narrative of the life of Thomas Cooper.*" This little book is neatly printed on good paper, and contains 72 pages 18mo. with three engravings, illustrations of some of the most remarkable scenes related in it.

It may also be had, by the dozen, of *Palmer & Gibbons*, dry goods merchants, No. 60 North Second street, Philadelphia, and of *Evan Lewis*, Shareless Court, and *Elijah Weaver*, North Front street, at 75 cents a dozen, or 7½ cents the single copy.

Isaac T. Hopper has also just published, "*The Sacred Solitudes Shades, and Innocency with her open Face.*" To which are added, Extracts from writings of Isaac Penington, *two Friends on the Trinity, Unanimity of Christ, Atonement, the Scriptures, &c.*

The latter edition enlarged. To which is profixed, to an Introduction, a Defence of the two former editions.

This work may also be had of Elijah Weaver and Evan Lewis, at 37½ cts per doz. or 25 cents the single copy.

may 19—3t

Bowel Complaint or Diarrhea,

AND CHOLERA MORBUS, CUR